National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 51. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858. WHOLE NO. 935.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

LETTER OF CHIEF-JUSTICE GREEN TO THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

LEBANON, Tenn., April 17, 1858.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have received an official minute of your Committee, showing the position they feel constrained to take, acting on the Society's catholic principles, in existing circumstances.

The Committee has been placed in painfully embarrassing circumstances, during the current year; but, by the blessing of God, they have been guided by such pure, elevated and single aims—to glorify God, and save, instrumentally, men—that I think no dispassionate, well-informed Christian man can condemn the course which has been pursued. I, therefore, highly approve the action of the Committee, and think the whole case is admirably set forth in the "minute," the simple statement of which is a conclusive vindication of their conduct.

* * * * * *

"THE REJECTED TRACT."

So far from the state of things existing which is set forth in the "*Rejected Tract*," by Charles K. Whipple, the very reverse is true, as a general proposition.

Mr. Whipple, like other Northern writers on this subject, takes an isolated fact, perpetrated by one of the worst of men, and, instead of stating the case as it really is—as a hateful and odious transaction in the estimation of the community where it occurs—it is stated as evidence of the general conduct of slaveholders.

By proof of this character, with such unfair and disingenuous application of it, the people of New York, or of Massachusetts, might be shown to be the most detestable communities in America. And yet Mr. Whipple has done this in his tract, and worse than this.

Take his statement of the law. He says, p. 2, "The master may, at his discretion, inflict *any* punishment on the person of the slave." And yet our laws hang the master whose cruel punishment produces the death of the slave; or, if the circumstances exclude the inference of *premeditated* killing, the homicide is punished by confinement at hard labour in the penitentiary.

He also quotes the opinion of Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina, in the case of the State vs. Mann, 2 Dev. R. 263, where he says, "The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect." And he leaves the impression, and intends that his readers shall understand, that the principle thus stated by Judge Ruffin is the law of North Carolina, and of the South generally. Did not this writer know that Chief-Justice Taylor, of that State, in the case of the State vs. Hale, 2 Hawk's R. 582, said, "It would be a subject of regret to every thinking person if courts of justice were restrained, by any austere rule of judicature, from keeping pace with the march of benignant policy, and provident humanity, which for many years has characterized every legislative act relative to the protection of slaves, and which Christianity, by the mild diffusion of its light and influence, has contributed to promote." The Court in that case ruled that an assault and battery on a slave by a stranger was indictable.

In the case of the State vs. Will, 1 Dev. and Bat. Rep. 121, the overseer (who had all the power of the owner) had inflicted a wound on Will, with a gun; Will fled, and, being pursued by the overseer, who was *unarmed*, Will turned upon him, and, in the scuffle, stabbed him so that he died. Judge Gaston, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, held that Will's offence was only manslaughter; the precise judgment that he would have been compelled, upon such facts, to have pronounced on a white man. This case, too, is a North Carolina case, and Judge Ruffin (quoted by Mr. Whipple) was one of Judge Gaston's associates on the bench when the case was decided. This case was decided subsequently to the case of the State vs. Mann.

It naturally occurs to every person in the habit of such investigations that Mr. Whipple, in making the examination that enabled him to present to his readers the decision of Judge Ruffin in the State vs. Mann, must have seen the opinion of Judge Taylor, in the State vs. Hale, and the judgment of Judges Gaston, Ruffin and Daniel, in the State vs. Will; and yet, with a knowledge (as we must presume) of these cases, he states, in his tract, as a fact, more than once, as the law of North Carolina, and of the Southern States, that the master is *absolute;* that he is *irresponsible;* that he may inflict any punishment he chooses with impunity.

In Tennessee, the Supreme Court hold the law to be as Chief-Justice Taylor and Judge Gaston held it to be in North Carolina. In the case of the State vs. Jacob, for killing his master, who was about to correct him for a fault, and who was a humane master, all the Judges held it to be clearly a case of murder. But Judge Turly held that the infliction of punishment by a master could not be such a provocation as would reduce a killing of him by the slave to manslaughter, but that it would be murder. Green, Judge, expressed a contrary opinion, asserting that a provocation might be such as to reduce the homicide of a master to manslaughter. Reese, the other Judge, gave no opinion on the point, it not being called for in the case. See 3 Hump. Rep. 920. But in the State vs. Nelson, 10 Hump. Rep. 518, the question arose directly for decision, and the whole Court decided that it was a case of manslaughter only. The facts were these: Nelson, with others, was invited to assist a man, named Nebist, to husk his corn. Nelson and others got into a quarrel. Sellars (the man killed) was son-in-law of Nesbit, and was superintending the work. He interfered to stop the quarrel, and struck Nelson several times with a stick, whereupon Nelson stabbed him with a knife, of which stabe he died. This was only manslaughter. The Court holds that the principles of the common law apply to a slave as to a white man, except that the provocation that would reduce a case to manslaughter must be greater than would be required in the case of a white man.

In Mississippi, Judge Yerger has lately held the law of homicide by a slave to be the same in that State as it is in the State of Tennessee; and the newspapers of that State, in noticing the case, highly applauded the decision. In that State, too, a statute, which Mr. Whipple might have seen in their digest, enacts that cruel and unusual punishment of a slave by a master, or overseer, is to be punished by a fine of five hundred dollars, and imprisonment for twelve months. There is also a statute in Mississippi making it penal for any master, or other person having control of slaves, to inflict at one time more than thirty-nine stripes.

Now, without going further on this subject, what shall be said in relation to Mr. Whipple's candour and fairness?

Upon the other topics treated in this tract, there is a like want of truth and fairness. Everything is grossly exaggerated.

He undertakes to prove that slave-owners practise the injustice which their laws allow, according to *his* version of that law. But does he introduce any proof? Not at all, unless his *argument*, founded on the supposed influence of the temptations of *anger, lust* and gain, shall be considered as proof.

Mr. Whipple next introduces the testimony of persons who have been in the South, upon the subject of the treatment of the slaves, and the moral effect of the institution.

And first of Doctor Nelson. He says, "I never heard a sermon to slaves but what made obedience to masters by the slaves the fundamental and supreme law of religion. Any candid and intelligent man can decide whether such preaching is not, as to religious purposes, *worse than none at all.*"

Now it will be remembered that Doctor Nelson was an infidel, for far the greater part of the period of his residence South. He was also a practising physician of talents and character. He had very little leisure to hear preaching to slaves and less inclination to hear it until he became pious.

At any rate, I must say, if he heard many sermons addressed to them, he was most unfortunate as to the character of the preachers he heard. I was brought up on a plantation in Virginia, among slaves, and have lived among them until I am sixty-six years of age. I have heard many, very many sermons addressed to the people of colour, some by preachers of colour, and some by white men, and I differ entirely from Doctor Nelson. I have not heard the peculiar relation of the slave to his master often *alluded to*, otherwise than as its duties might be included in the enforcement of honesty, integrity, fidelity, truth, &c., as Christian duties. But if the preaching addressed to them is "worse than none at all," how does it happen that there are so many Christians among them?

Mr. Whipple would have it believed that the slave-owners do everything to corrupt, to oppress and to debase them—caring nothing for their comfort in this life, or for their salvation in the life to come—and that the preaching addressed to them is worse than none at all. How then, I ask, does it happen that we find so many Christians among them? It must be seen that the facts in this aspect of the case are greatly distorted by Mr. Whipple.

So, also, is it in relation to the licentious connection of white men with female slaves. Mr. Olmstead was told by a Southern planter that there was not an old plantation in which the grandchildren of the owner were not whipped by the overseer. Mr. Olmstead had the means within his own knowledge by which to contradict the assertion of the planter; for, in his travels South, he knew that there were comparatively few mulattoes on the plantations. They are to be seen for the most part in the villages and towns.

Doctor Parsons must have been in a region of the South with which I have no acquaintance, where it is the practice to strip women naked, to be punished, on the plantations and by the city marshals. I have neither seen nor otherwise been cognizant of any case of the sort. While I was on the bench of the Supreme Court, a man was indicted and punished for permitting a negro woman to go into a field to labour with tattered garments, by which her nakedness was exposed—it being in proof that she did it because she had no other garments. It was held to be a misdemeanour at common law.

Mr. Whipple quotes from a tract, by a lady, entitled "Influence of Slavery upon the White Population." In that tract she says, "The libertine maintains a high and honoured standing in the Church." The assertion is a most gross libel on every evangelical religious denomination South. The statement of course is intended to assert that the character of such libertine church-member is known to the Church, and that, with this knowledge, the Churches South are in the practice of retaining such members, and of placing them in high and honourable positions.

The statement is so grossly false, in every *particular*, that I am amazed a man of Mr. Whipple's intelligence should have introduced it into his tract.

Other statements of this lady, on the subject of the licentiousness of white men with black women, and the statements of Mr. Douglass, although true, perhaps, in individual cases, nevertheless, *as made*, and intended to be understood as common occurrences, are alike utterly false and libelous. * * *

In conclusion, on this subject, I have no hesitation in saying that this tract, although ably and ingeniously gotten up (if Mr. Whipple's desire was to vilify the South by a specious presentation of the worst characters South, in *their* worst acts, and apply the facts stated to the population South, as a delineation of general character), is one of the grossest libels I have ever been called upon to examine. And *that tract* was offered to the Society for publication! Had it been published, and sent South, it would instantly have put an end to the operations of the Society amongst us.

Those who oppose the action of the Committee will, of course, publish it, should they succeed in impressing their views on the Society at its approaching meetings. They are now sending it out through the country, together with the suppressed tract, by way of appeal from the decision of the Committee.

Our only trust is in God. He has all hearts in his hands, and can turn them as he will. If he permit the great evil of the disruption of this Society, and of the Union of these States, I know he will so overrule it that the *wrath of man shall praise him.*

I have not intended to defend the institution of slavery. I have long considered it an evil—an evil (as Mr. Rives once admitted in the Senate) morally, socially and politically. Until within the last twenty-five years, I never heard any well-informed Southern gentleman give expression to any contrary sentiment. About that time Mr. Calhoun first announced the opinion that the institution was a desirable one. Now many Southern men, following Mr. Calhoun—and pressed by aggressive attacks from the North—hold the same opinion. But I never have sympathized with this sentiment.

I hold slavery to be an evil—a greater evil to the master than to the slave. But we find it amongst us. It raises, in the circumstances which surround it, questions of most difficult solution. These questions must be determined by those, and those *alone*, who endure the evil. Others can do nothing towards putting an end to it, or towards mitigating its character. Such interference is only calculated to exasperate and awaken opposition to the views of officious intermeddlers. If the North would benefit the slave, it will be most effectually accomplished by leaving us to manage this question.

In conclusion, permit me to say that Northern men know very little of the real state of things in relation to slavery as it actually exists in the South. The slave is a greatly better man and much more enlightened than writers North represent. They are much less addicted to drunkenness and to acts of violence than white men who, in other countries, perform like menial labour. They seldom steal from others than their owner, and things taken without permission, at home, *they* do not regard as theft. They are kind and impressible—exceedingly fond of children, inasmuch that, very often, the nurse is as much attached to the child as if she were its mother.

In portions of our country, where grain and stock are the staples, the number on each farm is comparatively small; and these fare well, dress well, become quite intelligent, and speak good English.

In those portions of the country where cotton and sugar are the staple commodities, the numbers are larger on each plantation, and, having less intercourse with white persons, they are less intelligent. They are well fed and well clothed almost everywhere, and are scarcely anywhere overtasked.

They are cheerful and happy—often singing lively melodies while at work.

They are easily impressed with religious truth, when properly presented, and many of them are very devout and sincere Christians. I have four domestics in my family who are grown up men and women, and they are all members of the Church, in good standing. They have religious services every Sabbath at this place, and often of an evening, and the house is filled with well-dressed, well-behaved people, attentive to the word, and many of them devout worshippers.

When we have a sacramental occasion, we always have afternoon service for their benefit, at which service we have quite a number of communicants. These seasons I have frequently enjoyed with them, as one of the Elders of the Church, and have found them most precious. The cordial grasp they give of your hand, while they speak of the blessed hope the gospel inspires, the tears the while coursing down their cheeks, bespeaks, unmistakably, that the name of Jesus is precious to them, and that their hopes are founded on the rock, Christ.

Very truly, your Brother in Christ,

N. GREEN,

One of the Vice-Presidents American Tract Society.

A SLAVE'S SPEECH.

[The Washington (N. C.) *Despatch* of April 14th contains the following speech, delivered at a Festival of the Auxiliary Fire Department of that town. The speaker, John Randall, is said to be a slave, about 28 years old, "an excellent, orderly and *respected* man," belonging to John Taylor.]

JOHN RANDALL'S SPEECH, AT THE AUXILIARY FIRE DEPARTMENT FESTIVAL.

GENTLEMEN: Public speaking is rather out of my line of business, and I had made up my mind that to-night, except when eating, I would keep my mouth shut, for I well know my inability to do justice to the cause, or the occasion, or credit to myself. But I hope that my interest in the cause, and my exertions, as one of the committee of arrangements, to make this occasion as pleasant and agreeable as possible to all, will be apology enough for me. I am, gentlemen, under many and lasting obligations for the honour conferred on me by calling me to preside over this respectable and intelligent assembly. A more pleasant task I never performed.

If I were this night in New York or Boston, or any land of pretended liberty, presiding at some abolition or fanatic meeting, I should not feel myself more elevated, nor half so highly honoured, as I now feel. Don't think that I make this remark to gain the good will or praise of any. I speak it from the honest convictions of my own mind, judging all by myself, that we are this night enjoying ourselves to greater perfection than any class of men—I liked to have said white folks not excepted. We have but few cares to disturb the peace of our minds; the heavy responsibilities of business matters do not crowd so heavy upon our brain; our thoughts are not so much occupied upon the accumulation of wealth; therefore our sleep is sound and refreshing at night. Our thoughts by day are light and free, and we think to-day how we shall enjoy to-morrow. The happiest man on earth is the Christian coloured man, who has just troubles enough to keep him in the constant discharge of his duty; and the performance of that makes him happy and cheerful.

Not few nor light are the burdens of life; then load it not with heaviness of spirit. There are three chief rivers of despondency—sin, sorrow and fear. Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a noisy rapid. But even to the darkest hole in guilt's profoundest river, hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those depths are lighted.

This very house I have seen, on a former occasion, crowded with the wealth, the fair, and the beauty of Washington; but it has never before been crowded with real happiness or pleasure, such as we coloured people enjoy. There are few towns, if any, where coloured people have greater privileges of enjoying themselves in any civil way than in Washington, the garden spot of North Carolina. Our singing schools, temperance and charitable societies, and our fire companies, are all good, moral and perfectly harmless. Among the persons that compose them there may be some improper characters, but the institutions themselves are right. Then, gentlemen, let us use and not abuse these things.

To you, my brother firemen, are extended privileges that none others have. To you every citizen of Washington, from the richest to the poorest, looks for help, when that alarming, destructive and often that unquenchable enemy—fire—is about to destroy them and all they have. Let them look not in vain. When the alarm is given, be not reluctant; but go and do your duty; fight as though you were fighting to save your own house and property. Do that, and we are apt to conquer; and, for every fire we conquer, we'll have a supper; or at least we'll allow you the privilege of breaking the pledge. We are yet in our infancy, and have not had a chance to show what we can do. But don't be discouraged. It is never too late, too soon, too hot, nor too cold, for fires to break out. Then be watchful, and always ready. In time of peace prepare for war.

The white people generally are kind and indulgent to us, and this occasion is a clear demonstration of this fact, and we owe them a debt of gratitude, that we can only repay by our obedience, politeness, good work and deportment. In conclusion, I will give you a sentiment:

The Auxiliaries.—May the citizens of Washington properly estimate and appreciate your exertions to save their property from destruction by fire, and may you ever prove yourselves worthy of the notice taken of and the respect showed to you by the fire department, and the citizens generally.

MR. EVERETT IN THE SOUTH.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

If it were not presumptuous, we would suggest that Mr. Everett add to his two admired addresses—"Washington" and "Charity"—a third, "The South." He has been in Virginia; he is now in South Carolina; he will soon have traversed all the Southern and South-Western States. An acute and intelligent observer, with his opportunities of exploring this vast and novel field, will not go home empty-handed. What a splendid address he could make upon the South, its people, its patriotism, its love of the Union; and how brilliantly he could show the bright side of its institutions to those who have only seen the dark, as exhibited by such gloomy limners as Parker, Phillips, Garrison & Co., men who never trod on Southern soil, have never seen the original of their portraits, and are only capable of drawing pictures with brushes dipped in the repulsive colourings of their own dark and dismal natures.

In Charleston, in Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, in the alleged strongholds of Southern treason and disloyalty, Mr. Everett's offerings upon the shrine of patriotism were received with a heartfelt and enthusiastic applause which must have satisfied this illustrious son of Massachusetts that the people by whom he was surrounded are quite as true to the Union and Constitution as those by whom they are daily accused of faithlessness to the national compact, and who themselves every hour violate its provisions, whilst their Legislatures give State sanction to nullification, and no one utters a syllable to rebuke their blended treason and hypocrisy. Mr. Everett was appropriately welcomed in Columbia as a representative of "*ancient*" Massachusetts: with the modern Commonwealth it were a grievous insult to suppose that a man who reverences Washington, Law and Liberty could have the slightest sympathy. "Mr. Everett must certainly have perceived," says the *Columbia Carolinian*, "from the immense concourse that greeted and applauded him, that there is no reckless spirit among us that will plunge the country into revolution, unless urged on by insupportable insults hurled defiantly at us by fanaticism and political demagogues. He must have perceived that we cherish still a love for the Constitutional Republicanism that our Washington gave us, and that to-morrow, if sectional agitation were to cease, the South would be ready to join in that great national jubilee which he hoped would spring from the hearts of every section to celebrate the next anniversary of Washington's Birthday. The destruction of the Union of Washington will not be a Southern act, for he must have perceived how, in the midst of South Carolina, he was cheered when he made allusion to *that* Union."

Mr. Everett, upon his return, may show to his countrymen the South as she is; and if his eloquence be persuasive enough to turn them from the error of their ways, he will prove himself the greatest orator the world has ever seen.

Selections.

"THE GREAT REVIVAL."

From The Liberator.

As, for more than a quarter of a century, we have been unremittingly engaged in efforts to promote a revival of justice, honesty, humanity, freedom, temperance and peace—in a word, of that love which is "the fulfilling of the law"—throughout this sin-stricken land, we have not been inattentive to the rise, progress and peculiar characteristics of the so-called "revival of religion," which, for the last three months, has spread like an epidemic in all directions, over a wide extent of country—claiming to be thoroughly evangelical, that is, genuine Christianity, such as the world needs for its regeneration, and without which there is no hope of salvation—multiplying its "solemn assemblies" almost beyond computation, and, as a consequence of these, its converts "like the drops of morning dew"—crowding the columns of the daily press with the record of its proceedings, and flashing along the telegraphic wires the announcement of its marvellous triumphs. Prayer-meetings morning, noon and night—prayer-meetings in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago—prayer-meetings in Richmond, Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans—prayer-meetings in town, village and hamlet, North and South, crowded with expectant listeners, and accompanied with a copious outpouring of the Divine Spirit! Surely, if "the vigour and success of this war" against the foes of God and the kingdom of darkness are at all in proportion to "the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto" of the clerical fraternity, the long-desired millennium—for America at least—must be at the very door. But it is not so. The whole thing, comprehensively speaking, is an emotional contagion without principle—an imposition upon weak and unenlightened minds, sincerely trusting to be led in the right direction—a diversion from the field of reform and the work of practical righteousness to the furtherance of a pharisaical piety and sectarian narrowness, other wires being dexterously used besides those of the magnetic telegraph. It is "not of heaven," but "of men"—of men whose position is too conspicuous, whose character is too well known, whose relations to the great moral conflicts of the times are too clearly defined, to enable them to escape identification—enemies of woman, in their contempt of her rights—enemies of progress, in all its unpopular manifestations. Exceptional cases, no doubt, may be found, but, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Some incidental good may grow out of it. Granted: so it may, so it has often done, out of a wide-spread conflagration, the prevalence of the cholera, universal bankruptcy. This revival, judging from the past, will promote meanness, not manliness—delusion, not intelligence—the growth of bigotry, not of humanity—a spurious religion, not genuine piety. We dread its influence upon the cause of impartial liberty, and expect nothing good from it for the country. The rapidity with which it has spread over the land without any opposition from popular wickedness and organized villany, nay, by their tacit approval, is conclusive evidence of its worthlessness. The fact, that it is graduated to the level of Southern slaveholding inhumanity, and flourishes in amicable juxtaposition with a revival of the slave trade, both foreign and domestic—that not a prayer-meeting excites any disturbance or uneasiness in all the blood-dripping South—that the same theological dogmas are as readily accepted there as at the North, and conversions are as easily made—demonstrate it to be "the form of godliness, without the power thereof." Its utter lack of vitality is seen in the very respectful, if not zealous, countenance given to it by the satanic press generally—in whose columns may be seen, side by side, announcements of its conquests with bullying threats if the Lecompton Constitution be not adopted, with envenomed thrusts at "the Kansas shriekers," with devilish pleas for the restoration of the foreign slave traffic, with revolting advertisements for the sale of men, women, children and infants, at public auction, in lots to suit purchasers, &c. &c. Its hollowness is manifested in the distinct warning given, that "no controverted subjects must be introduced"—meaning that Mordecai must not be permitted to sit at the king's gate, that Banquo's ghost must be kept down, that Hamlet must be omitted from the play—meaning, especially, that the awful guilt of the American Church, on account of its complicity with that system which is "the sum of all villanies," must not be alluded to; that a deaf ear must be turned to the cries of the millions who are supplicating to have their fetters broken; that nothing but old stereotyped religious phrases or forms of expression, indefinite confessions of sin, unintelligent professions of faith in Christ, emotional outbursts of an excited imagination, the recital of marvellous personal experiences, barren generalities about feeling the need of a precious Saviour, &c., &c., must find an utterance in prayer-meetings, ostentatiously advertised, publicly held, arbitrarily conducted, with the Holy Spirit limited to three minutes in each particular case, or summarily silenced by the managers, if disposed to transcend the rule! The diplomatic and compromising spirit in which it is conducted is illustrated in the fraternal interest felt in its success by the New York *Observer* and the New York *Independent*, the *Congregationalist* and the *American Presbyterian*, Nehemiah Adams and Henry Ward Beecher, George W. Blagden and Henry M. Dexter—each and all crying "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, and affecting Christian unity when they have little faith in each other. A revival so managed, with such antecedents and accompaniments, with elements so heterogeneous, giving no alarm to "sinners of the first rank," to demagogues of the vilest character, giving no joy or hope to the uncompromising friends of justice and humanity, is surely no cause for exultation, but rather calls for open rebuke, stern condemnation, and public exposure.

From The Tribune.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE RIGHT.

God bless the [illegible] the wanderer looks across the Atlantic to America, my native land! and hopes and prays for thee.
Amid thy council-chambers, where the fight goes bravely on,
God grant the cause of Freedom, Truth and Justice may be won!
Heaven bless the earnest workers there, in voice, in heart, in thought,
And bring the politicians' plots and sophistries to nought.
Fight out the fight! God speed the Right! Down with their knavish tricks,
And save the nation with the good old faith of Seventy-six.
Now is your time or never, with the people's flag unfurled,
To speak for Right—to prove your might, before the witness-world.

Three cheers for all the champions there who dare maintain the Right,
Watching and working at their posts—awake by day and night—
The stewards faithful to their trust—of uncorrupted worth—
The hosts of true, keen-thoughted men who represent the North.

Three groans for recreant Northerners—your Dixes, H. Grinnells,
And the three thousand thirty-three who follow the sheep-bells;
Deserters from the freeman's ranks—the platform high and broad—
Weak tools of Slavery and of force, of jugglery and fraud.

Three cheers for valiant Southerners and Westerners that rise—
Three cheers across the Atlantic for Douglas and for Wise,
For Harris, Walker, Stanton, for Crittenden and all
Who don their shining armour at an injured people's call!

Three groans for poor Buchanan! who ventured much too nigh
The reef his ship is stranded on. We'll leave him high and dry
To warp and blister in the sun, where nothing more avails
The sighs or blusterings from the South that seek to fill his sails.

Three cheers across the Atlantic for Kansas' struggling sons!
Three groans for Border-Ruffians and the reign of knives and guns.
Three rousing cheers for freemen's votes—unfettered and unbought!
Three groans for poor King Bogus, and all the harm he wrought.
Three cheers for January Fourth—for sunrise and for life!
Three groans for old Lecompton, that smoking torch of strife.

And you, brave brothers everywhere—from South, from West, from North—
All ye who prize the People's voice, where'er it issues forth,
Who scorn to yield to bribery, nor quail at bullies' words,
Nor think that Might can make the Right, though backed by clubs and swords,
Brave bones and muscles of the land, long live your health and force!
Long may your strength endure and grow, till ye fulfil your course!
We send across the ocean wave three cheers and three times three—
God send the light, and speed the Right, and help the true and free!

Paris, April 8, 1858. C. P. CRANCH.

THE REVIVAL NOT OF GOD.

[Extracts from a Discourse, preached in Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 11th, 1858. By the Rev. W. H. FURNESS.]

We have in this revival, as it is called, an endeavour to awaken the old spirit—to carry out again the old notion of Religion, which represents the service of God as consisting mainly in praying and singing, in attendance upon religious meetings, and in feeling good, making religion a matter of supreme selfishness, an appeal to selfish fears and selfish hopes, giving men to think that sin is to be avoided, not first and chiefly for its own hateful sake, but because of the everlasting fire hereafter, and that Christ is to be loved and served not on his own account, but for the white robes and heavenly harps and golden crowns to be bestowed upon the righteous after death. This is the essential error of the Religion so long and so widely prevalent: it conveys the impression that there is something more to be dreaded than doing wrong, something more to be desired than obedience.

Happy will it be if, like all other paroxysms wasting the religious feeling of this generation, this revival be not followed by a wide and deplorable deadness, as has so often proved to be the case with revivals, popularly so called. That the present "awakening" is accompanied by some improvement in the personal habits of those who are affected by it, that many may be led to forsake vicious courses, to abstain from criminal self-indulgence, I am not at all disposed to question. This is the very least that it could do. There is hardly any form of Religion in the world which, when a man is impressed by it would not move him to do as much as this. Yet even here the reality of a moral change, not religions emotion, but only time can certify. But while some personal sin is corrected, while some vices are abolished, other hateful vices are apt to appear in their stead: spiritual pride and censoriousness; and as it has been widely said, what men gain by self-denial, they lose by self-conceit. What an offensive manifestation of this weakness, to give it its gentlest name, have we had in the prayer-meetings which have been held in Boston (in Boston, which claims to be the most enlightened of our cities), prayer-meetings for the conversion or the confusion of Theodore Parker. The idea! Why, it is the rankest spiritual arrogance that was ever gendered in the heart of man. Theodore Parker may have his errors. Who on earth has not? I do not believe in his theology, but I do say that, in a brave Apostolic devotion to the great cause of God and Humanity, he is an example to every Christian and to every clergyman in the land. When they who are praying that he may be converted or silenced resemble him at all in his fidelity to God and his brother man, then they may make some claim to being converted themselves, and never before, though they attend religious meetings and pray there every hour of the day and every day of the year.

It is a revival not of true Religion, but, I repeat, of the old mistaken idea that verbal prayer and psalm-singing, and religious meetings and ebullitions of religious emotion, groans of distress and cries of glory, constitute the chief part of the service of God; the old idea, that allows its converts to pursue unrebuked the making of money, and to practice every art within the law to secure a pecuniary advantage, and to grind into the dust the unfortunate and the poor; the old idea which taught men to stickle at social parties and dancing and the opera, while, scrupulous and religious in these matters, they were permitted to ignore Justice and Mercy, to live on, utterly heedless of the wrongs and agonies of millions of slaves, not only permitted, but encouraged, taught, by learned ministers and professors of this most orthodox faith to silence every appeal made to them for the weak against the mighty, under the miserable plea that it is confounding Religion with politics!

Now, my friends, as I solemnly believe, as I cannot help believing, that it is impossible and absurd to think of serving God while we are despising and oppressing our fellow-man, or countenancing others in despising and oppressing him, as this is my assured faith, how can I look with any satisfaction or hope upon a Revival of that Religion which passes by the most sacred claims of Humanity, and allows men to believe that they can be accepted of God when they are trampling down into the dust his sacred image in the person of the slave? Such a religion is a pretence, an undisguised mockery before God, a gross fraud put upon man, teaching him to put the form for the life, the letter that kills for the spirit that gives life. Instead of welcoming the revival of such a religion, I pray that God, in his mercy, may bury it deep beyond the possibility of a resurrection. We have tried it long, and it has so depraved and seared the conscience of the whole nation that, with all their wealth of intellectual power and activity, this people are blind to the supremacy of simple justice and insist upon building the fabric of their prosperity upon a gross violation of the Eternal Law of God.

I see in this movement no extraordinary manifestation of a spirit of Humanity. I do not see that the awakened consciences of these great gatherings are appalled at the guilt which we have incurred through the monstrous wrong which we are doing to our oppressed brother. It is true, applications have been made in some of the meetings, by fugitives from slavery, for the prayers of all Christian people. But in one large meeting in New York such an application was rejected, and other petitions of like character for prayer to God that the fugitive might escape into security and freedom have not been very warmly received. Even Henry Ward Beecher, loyal as he is to the right, while he read a note asking prayers for a poor fugitive slave-woman, yet seems to have felt that it was somewhat out of place to read it in one of those great meetings. I saw with pleasure, however, that in one Methodist meeting, a note of this kind was sent up and promptly read, and the fugitive was fervently prayed for, and when the prayer was ended, all the people shouted *Amen.*

Still, pleasing as such instances are, there is no decisive evidence of the awakening of those sacred sentiments of Humanity which, here in this land, familiarity with Injustice and Oppression, and the powerful influence of unrighteous laws, have thrown into such a long and death-like sleep. It is only the revival in men's minds of those old religious impressions of the importance of certain forms, impressions, made on them in tender childhood and youth. I do not hear that any new and grander views of duty are opening upon men's minds—that they have caught any new vision of Righteousness and Mercy. Still there is the same old talk of religious duty apart from daily duty, as if God could not be served as acceptably—indeed even more acceptably—in the shop or the counting-room than in the Conference or Prayer-meeting, as if a man might not show his religious principles more significantly even in the making of a bargain than in the singing of a psalm. There is the same mystic phraseology about the atonement and blood of Christ, the same confounding of emotions that are transient with principles that should be eternally active. This revival, too, undertakes to transact the great business of a change of character with the despatch which marks all the proceedings of this American people. I do not question that an impression may be made upon the mind by a single word, in a flash, in an instant of time, an impression of the most lasting character. But then, again, we all know the magnetic influence of a large number of human beings crowded together on one spot, and how that influence will overpower and carry an individual away, almost against his reason. Music helps powerfully as a conductor of this mighty magnetism, even the simplest hymn, if the words or only the tune comes to us like a voice from our early childhood when we heard it sung in reverence and love by parents and friends long since past away. Can we not see plainly what is in great part the attraction of these large meetings, and why it is [illegible] is taken for a thorough and ethical change of heart? It is the revival of early impressions. It is the delight one feels in the indulgence of sensibility, in feeling good, which is a very different thing from being good and doing good. One of the favourite hymns at the revival meetings is Dr. Watts's:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

The second verse of this hymn reads thus:

Should earth against my peace engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then could I smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

How many, think you, who sing these words, and with the utmost fervour, and who believe themselves converted, with a clear title to heavenly mansions—how many are ready to smile at the world's rage and face its frown? How many are prepared, or dream of preparing themselves, to risk property and popularity, and life even, for righteousness' sake? They are ready enough to attend prayer-meetings and pray and sing, but the world does not rage against them or frown upon them for doing these things. All this is very easy to do, a great deal easier than to stay at home and discharge one's home duties and bear our daily burthens, never impatient, never ill-tempered, always living in communion with the Highest and Best, always maintaining the right in every company and at all hazards, and thus making every act an offering of praise and prayer. The religion of whose revival we are now hearing so much is the popular world's religion, the religion whose greatest sacrifices consist in rigidly abstaining from certain innocent social pleasures.

Now, you may depend upon it, friends, that a revival of true Religion would present very different appearances. It would not be despatched with quite so much ease. It would show itself not in conformity with popular ideas, but in opposition to them. It is now some five and twenty years since there commenced in this country a true Revival, a Revival of the Religion not of Calvin or of Wesley, but of the New Testament, the Religion of Jesus Christ, the Religion that places the worship of God in the Love of Man, in fidelity to the claims of the weak and the wronged, the Religion that acknowledges no enactments of man as of greater authority than the two great Commandments of God and of Christ, the Religion the proof of conversion to which is a willingness to speak and act and suffer for Righteousness' sake. Twenty-five years has this great Revival been going on, and still the leaders in this, *the most profoundly religious movement of the country and the age*, have been and still are to this hour denied all claim to be regarded as religious men, denounced as infidels, as the enemies of Christianity, as political agitators aiming to stir up wrath and violence. Still they work on in patience and in faith, willing, if they may only be faithful, to endure to their graves the reproach which, in every age of the world, has been cast upon those who have sought to turn men from the worship of the dead letter to the inspiration of the living and lifegiving Spirit. If they called the Master of the household Beelzebub, how can his servants expect to fare any better!

It has been precisely so in every real revival of Religion from that grandest of all Revivals which took place under Jesus and his Apostles. In all these instances men were converted, *not to a popular but to an unpopular Religion*, and their conversion was at the peril of position, of property, of personal liberty and life. Then dungeons were prepared, and scaffolds and stakes were planted, and faggots gathered, and crosses erected for the converts, who went straight from the baptism of water to the baptism of blood and fire for the sake of the defamed and persecuted truth, the truth which comes down from the holy heavens and from the bosom of God to preach glad tidings to the outcast poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. Any religion that ignores this truth, that neglects these offices, any religion that does not inspire its converts to confront and defy human opposition, does not deserve the name, and, when it is dying out, ought to be buried forever, never again revived.

THE COOLIE TRADE.

CIRCULAR OF THE U. S. COMMISSIONER IN CHINA.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES TO CHINA, February 18, 1858.

SIR: I am directed by His Excellency, the Minister of the United States, again, and mostly earnestly, to call your attention to the *Coolie traffic* in American ships, and the necessity of resorting to all legal measures to arrest it.

The view taken of the trade by this Legation is that what constitutes the breach of the laws of the United States is the contract for labour or service under which the coolie is shipped. Hence, it is quite immaterial, in point of law, whether the coolie goes with or against his will, if, on his arrival, he is "to be disposed of to labour or service." Of course, there is a greater offence to morals and to the laws of this Empire if, as is generally the case, the coolie is kidnapped, or seduced, or entrapped. The employment of American ships in carrying Chinese coolies to be held to labour is illegal. It has been so represented to the Government at Washington, and will be so regarded by it.

It is a trade in which, as revolting to humanity in its processes and results, no respectable American citizen will participate.

It is a trade which endangers the lives of the mariners engaged in it, and of course involves terrible suffering and mortality among its principal victims, the coolies themselves.

The American Minister, in order to do all in his power to put an end, or as far as possible to circumscribe this traffic, instructs you—besides giving as much publicity to this communication as you may think conducive to the ends you have in view—to adopt the following course in all instances.

1. Whenever you ascertain, or have good reason to believe, that an American ship is about to be loaded with coolies for Havana, Surinam, or any other place, under contract for labour or service, you shall at once inform, verbally and in writing, the master, owner or charterer, of the views of this Legation, and of the liability to punishment and forfeiture which he may incur.

2. Whenever such shipment is about to be made from a British or Portuguese port, you will at once give notice to the Superintendent of Trade or Governor that the trade is regarded as a violation of the laws and treaties of the United States, and that this Legation will regard any countenance given to it a most unfriendly act. The same notice is to be given to the Consular authorities accredited here by the country to which the shipment is made.

3. Whenever such shipment is about to be made from one of the treaty ports of China, immediate notice is to be given to the local Chinese authorities, so that they may withhold the "*grand chop*," or port clearance. Whenever the local authorities desire the aid of the Consul to visit vessels in order to give relief to any Chinese detained against their will, it is to be given promptly. The refusal of the local authorities to give a clearance to an American ship, unless Chinese subjects so shipped are discharged, is a "lawful requisition" of the local authorities, which the Consul must respect.

4. Particular attention must be paid by you to the shipping articles of the seamen in such vessel, for it is believed that in many instances frauds on seamen have been perpetrated by interlineations and erasures, and other alterations of shipping articles. In such case, where you are satisfied of the fact of the alteration, you will give such relief to the mariner as is authorized by law, and retain the papers till the decision of this Legation is known.

5. If it be known to you that the intermediate destination of such ship is to some port not op

United States, with its police and purse, against one poor individual—the command being to hunt and and persecute him to the death.

Talk of the Jews persecuting and crucifying the Saviour! That might have been exceptional in the history of the Jews, but it is the well organized and chief business of this Government to crucify Christ, as represented and revealed in humanity, continually and perpetually. How long yet are such outrages to be borne? And how long can our Union and Constitution sustain themselves in this outrageous warfare against Divine laws and Divine government? It is a question worth thinking of by those who love the Constitution and Union.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
IN MOZART HALL,

663 *Broadway* (*West side*), *above Bleecker street.*

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11th and 12th.

FIRST SESSION.

Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Speakers: Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston; Frances Ellen Watkins, of Baltimore; Charles Lenox Remond, of Salem, Mass; Wendell Phillips, of Boston.

SECOND SESSION (*for business*).

Tuesday, 3 1-2 p. m.—The Society will meet not for public addresses, but for the transaction of business exclusively. All those who are in active sympathy and coöperation with the Society are invited to attend.

THIRD SESSION.

Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Tuesday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.—Speakers: Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston; Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Dedham, Mass.; and others.

FOURTH SESSION.

Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Wednesday, 10 a. m.—Speakers: Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia; William Wells Brown, of Massachusetts; Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H.; and others.

FIFTH SESSION.

Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Wednesday, 3 p. m.—Speakers: Rev. N. R. Johnston, of Topsham, Vt.; J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia; and others.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
Fifth Anniversary.

Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Wednesday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.—Speakers: Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester; Frances Ellen Watkins, of Baltimore; and others. The Society will elect its officers for the ensuing year at the close of the public exercises.

THE REVIVAL AND SLAVERY.—*Sermon by Dr. Cheever.*—On Sunday evening last the Rev. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D., preached, in the Church of the Puritans, a discourse on the connection between a genuine Revival of Religion and the Abolition of Slavery. He declared, in the most unequivocal terms, that a Revival which did not bring forth "the fruits of righteousness" in the breaking of the bonds of oppression was not of God; and this doctrine he illustrated by arguments from the Scriptures and from the nature of Christianity, sweeping away by the irresistible power of his logic the flimsy excuses so often urged in favour of ministerial silence in respect to slavery, especially in times of religious awakening.

We shall not attempt to present even an outline of this masterly discourse, as Dr. Cheever has, at our request, placed his manuscript in our hands, to be published in our next issue.

THE REVIVAL AND THE TRACT SOCIETY.

IT is not exactly correct to say that the Revival has secured to the "Tract Management" the government of the Society for another year, because the success of the present Executive was a thing pretty well settled before. A few persons can make a great deal of noise, as the small protesting party in the Tract Society has now done; and those who judge by the noise alone are always liable to the mistake of supposing the few to be many. The course of the officers of the Tract Society for many years past has been so very unprincipled and shameful, while their aspect has been devout, their eyes, apparently, fixed on things above, and their reputation that of eminent saints, that the plain telling of truth concerning them must have earlier aroused the attention of the community, and especially of members of the Society whose funds they were misusing, had these abuses been exercised upon any subject less unpopular than anti-slavery. But as the Church has generally succeeded in diverting the attention of her children from that subject, and in checking, by repeated obstructions, the zeal of those who did apply themselves to it, the malefactions of the Executive Committee of the Tract Society not only went on unchecked until they were exposed by the Abolitionists, but were latest seen and acknowledged by the very persons most interested in putting an end to them; the persons who sustained the Society by their money, and who really wished that money to promote "the interests of vital godliness and sound morality."

When, in process of time, a few of these persons had been awakened by the Abolitionists to see that the Executive Committee were, actively and passively, helping slavery, and that whatever helped slavery must, of necessity, obstruct and corrupt religion, they lifted up their voices and cried aloud to the Church to see that this great department of her operations was purified and rectified; and so many things were said, and so much movement made, that those newly awakened blind men really hoped, and the delinquent Executive Committee really feared, that something effectual was to be done about it. In fact, neither the hope nor the fear was well founded. There were too many obstacles in the way to allow a success so sudden to be achieved.

The clergy had found, long before, that the most effectual method of shielding their slaveholding brethren from disturbance was to spread abroad the idea that abolitionism led to infidelity. Thus, not only were church-members deterred from hearing anti-slavery lectures, and reading anti-slavery publications, but whoever of them felt impelled by his conscience to pray for the slave, and protest against the imputation of Christian character to the slaveholder, had to encounter the suspicion, if not the accusation, of unsoundness in the faith.

One avenue remained, through which church-members might have learned their duty in regard to slavery, and the need of purifying the Tract Society from its influence, namely, the "religious" press. Unfortunately, this was almost entirely in the hands of the clergy; and most of the clerical editors were as careful to resist the beginnings of anti-slavery as the beginnings of evil. Very few of the well-authenticated facts upon that subject were published in that quarter, and still fewer warnings of the danger and the guilt in which slavery involved the Church and the nation. Thus it came to pass that even the few "religious newspapers" which combined with their ordinary work any continuous and energetic advocacy of the claims of the slave were regarded, as they still are, with suspicion and dislike by their fellows.

These things being so, after the small minority of public protestants against the pro-slavery course of the Executive Committee had already begun to relax in their efforts, trusting either to Providence or to good luck that things would go right at the annual meeting (though they knew that their opponents were actively *working*, all the time, in the opposite direction), the revival came. To the "Tract Management" it came as cold water to a thirsty land. It was the most effective ally possible for their purposes.

The theory of a "revival" is that the "lost and ruined sinners," who are assumed to form the mass of any community, have then a better opportunity to attain "salvation" than in ordinary times; that the God whose wrath has been aroused by their sins is then more present, or more placable, or more accessible than usual; that delay to insure an inheritance in heaven and a deliverance from hell is more perilous than at other times; and that it is of the very highest consequence to persuade every one who *can* be persuaded then and there to attend to this momentous interest, and to leave everything else, for the time, unregarded.

Of course, those who receive this theory as true, and especially the professional inculcators, of it—those who get their living by teaching the ideas kindred to it—will conform their conduct to its requisitions. Thus the clergyman who edits a religious newspaper, knowing how much his readers need to be instructed in regard to this life as well as that which is to come, will in ordinary times speak of many things that are incidentally useful in promoting the welfare of the community, and give hints in relation to public lectures, private reading, the improvement of schools, the laws of bodily health, mental culture and moral training, and the removal of the exciting and predisposing causes of poverty and crime; and those who are interested in the temperance, peace and anti-slavery movements will give a proportion of space to those subjects. In ordinary times, when men are (unhappily, as they say) indifferent to their eternal interests, these methods of making the world better and happier receive a certain amount of attention, and it is considered a decided gain if even "impenitent sinners," perversely adhering to that position, can yet be more intelligent, more moral, more benevolent, more interested in the improvement of themselves and their neighbours in matters comparatively superficial and temporal.

But as soon as a revival commences, all this is changed, and, to the clerical eye, the matters we have been mentioning become at once comparatively trivial and impertinent. The interests of time are required to give place to those of eternity, and things which come under the former designation are avoided and discouraged exactly in proportion to the interest and attention they are suited to awaken. Thus anti-slavery must be kept out of the prayer meeting. It is a "controverted point." At the very moment when a request is handed in that God would be pleased to arouse the Churches to a sense of the duty of not delivering to his master the servant who has escaped from his master to them, some Lecompton Democrat, some voter for the Fugitive Slave law, some official of the Custom House, may be thinking of securing the salvation of his soul, and may be disgusted and driven away from the meeting, and thus at once a soul be lost to heaven and a member to some pro-slavery church. Or, an unconverted sinner who has heretofore been specially interested for the slave may have his interest for his soul diverted and quenched by the introduction of this topic, and, instead of waiting to give his heart to God, may rush out to help the man who has fallen among thieves—instead of attending to the one thing needful, while the Lord is present and ready to bestow His blessing, may waste his time in practically loving his neighbour as himself.

In like manner, the religious newspaper, which finds its harvest-time in a revival, and must make hay while the sun shines, is careful to avoid those topics, while this influence lasts, which would draw attention or interest in any other direction. Those which have always avoided and discouraged anti-slavery will now do so with especial care; and even the exceptional ones, which have cautiously admitted a certain amount of intelligence and discussion upon that subject at other times, will now avoid it, saying to themselves—What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul—and—though he set free all the slaves in the land, and have not piety, it profiteth him nothing! As long as these ministers, in their churches and their religious newspapers, represent piety as something which may perfectly well coëxist with a pro-slavery life, but which is in danger of being neutralized by helping to set the bondman free, and to break every yoke, so long a revival of their form of religion will postpone the deliverance of the slave, and favour the cause of the slaveholder and his allies.

To the officers of the Tract Society the revival of the past winter has been of unspeakable service. It has helped their friends and hindered their opponents. It has made a new market for the mutilated tracts which yet remain on their shelves; it has raised up a new generation to strengthen the pro-slavery Churches from which they derive their support, to pour money into their coffers, to speak in their pietistic dialect, and to accept that speech in others as evidence of Christian character. It has prepared a new set of men to receive the sophistry of their pro-slavery circulars as good reason for their refusal to issue anti-slavery tracts. It has put a new invoice of clay into the hands of their Vice-Presidents and Directors, to be moulded according to their will. It has converted wordlings, who were indifferent to reform, into churchlings, who are adverse to it. And it has so modified the community as probably to give the Executive Committee of the Tract Society a new lease of office and power beyond the next year. They were tolerably sure, by hook or by crook, of keeping the control of the Society through the next year, even without the help of the revival; and now, if they work as diligently through the next twelve months as through the past, and especially if their antagonists organize no more efficient leadership, they have a fair chance for additional years of triumph and power. Time will show.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

WE know not when we have experienced a stronger sentiment of satisfaction about any minor matter, not involving a principle, in the Anti-Slavery cause, than we felt to-day on receiving the manifesto of the women of New England, respecting their Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

These are the women who have helped us, through so many difficult and dangerous years, to keep a flag flying over the thin host, in token of embodied existence, as the point of union to the Abolitionists; the sign of hope to the slaves; the standard of our principles; the symbol of our tolerance; the proof of our good faith; our medium of communication with each other; our means of bringing our embattled power to bear upon the nation for the removal of slavery from its policy, and of securing the sympathy of the *nations* for our cause, as the conflict goes on.

This change in the financial method of persons who have so long kept guard and *garrison* will not fail to send a feeling of cheer to the very extremities of our anti-slavery body, through the inferences drawn from it by the New England people and the country at large.

It is a most encouraging sympton for the slave that the pro-slavery world is so very sensitive to the movements of Abolitionists. It has seen so many unexpected and astonishing effects of moral power that, as before the city defended by Archimedes, it cannot see two sticks put across over the wall without anxious speculation. It feels how strong THE CAUSE must be in the hearts of the people, when its very financiers think it the only thing now worth the name of policy, to waive the *certainty* of $3,000 to $5,000 per annum for the sake of a certainty that makes these and any sums shrink into insignificance.

The growing sympathy must have a larger vent. The increased devotedness must have a larger type of its great object. The new troops of volunteers must have a grander field. The visible symbol must be more ennobling. Now must be presented, not the little instruments, but the object itself. The men of this twenty-five years do not need to be shown "the sacred beauty of the good old CAUSE," as through a glass, darkly, lest they should lose their tempers, and try to trample it down. They can see it face to face, and live the better for it.

We have often thought with warmest gratitude of the condescension of the venerated and beloved European friends of the cause to the necessities of our case here in the United States. To them, as they could not fail to notice the disproportion between the little instrumentalities and the august cause—between the slender means and the gigantic undertaking—the Abolitionists must have often seemed short-sighted and narrow-minded, incapable, ill-judging and *routinier*. But they may be assured that this is the first moment that it has been practicable to do otherwise than has been done, or to follow other methods than those pursued. All this first twenty-five years has been a struggle for foothold. Never till now have we been "masters of the situation."

We have neither interest nor policy in seeming stronger than we are. We are "without concealment" as well as "without compromise"; and we now say openly to our friends abroad what the American world of the European high-roads, of the diplomatic dinners, of the partisan press, will try to conceal from them a little longer—that the cause has now arrived at vantage-ground for gaining the ascendancy.

Would, for the cause's sake, the time were come when we might say to those next friends, whom, for mere distinction's sake, we call foreign—

> "No, my fair Cousin! no more help from England!
> Rather proclaim it, *Westmoreland*, through our host,
> That he who hath no stomach for this fight,
> Let him depart! His passport shall be made,
> And crowns for convoy put into his purse!"

But the time is not yet. Still, in all lands there are, doubtless, many spots where the credulity to be disabused, the hostility to be overcome, the ignorance to be enlightened, the indifference to be averted, may be best encountered by precisely the same methods as at first; and still we must *everywhere*, as heretofore, owe to our friends in Europe the indispensable ounce-weight of direct help that, in every emergency of achievement for mankind, turns the doubtful scale in moments when the strong will, outgoing the present means to secure the present advantage, has dared to draw on the great universal heart in behalf of futurity. And still, as heretofore, we think it no shame to receive aid of hearts to whom we owe so much—hearts to whom native land, however dear, is but the best loved province of their great country, the world.

But we must not, at this moment, transcend, even in thought, the present rule of action, by presenting the CAUSE as the world's business. Time for that hereafter.

Our present purpose merely is to refer our readers to the invitation of the ladies, in another column, and to congratulate them, and the cause, and the friends of the cause everywhere, that the change in these arrangements, opening as it does so great and effectual a door for every form of coöperation, Southern as well as Northern, European as well as American, in the country equally as in the cities, social as well as financial, by correspondence as well as by presence, is completely and fitly made, conformably to the exigencies of a new quarter of a century.

It is, in this world of caprice and change, nothing short of a sublime train of thought that suggests itself as one's eye runs over the list of names appended to this manifesto, and observes how many of them, who have cast in their youth among the treasure with exultation, are now—as they make us feel—casting in their second quarter of a century with a still profounder joy.

We tender to them our congratulations; for thus it is that the race of man takes a guarantee of life, that its days of age shall be

> "No dark days, fading from their prime"—

for the last days must needs be the best days—found in the way of righteousness.

SUCCESS OF ENGLISH'S COMPROMISE.

THE Kansas bill, proposed (nominally) by Mr. English of Indiana and reported by the Committee of Conference of the two Houses, as a substitute for the Crittenden amendment of the original Administration scheme, was adopted both in the Senate and the House on Friday of last week. It was promptly signed by the President, and is now a law.

The Crittenden bill, it will be remembered, provided for the submission of the Lecompton Constitution to a direct vote of the people, and, in case they should reject it, authorized them to frame another and to come into the Union without further action of Congress. The English scheme submits to a vote of the people, not the Lecompton Constitution, but a certain Ordinance in relation to the public lands, and declares that, if they accept the same, they shall come into the Union under that Constitution; and that, if they reject it, they shall not come in until the population of the Territory equals the ratio of representation for the House of Representatives. In plain terms, if they will come into the Union as a *slave* State, they may come at once, and take besides a large land-grab; but if they insist upon coming in as a *free* State, they must wait until the population of the Territory is doubled or trebled!

This scheme—meaner, if possible, than the original Lecompton villany—was carried through the House by the votes of a portion of the Douglas Democrats, who "caved in" under Executive manipulation, betraying the Republicans, who had stepped down from their own platform to act with them. The Senate adopted it as a matter of course.

The election for which this scheme provides is to be under the direction of the Governor (Denver), United States District-Attorney and Secretary of Kansas, and the presiding officers of the Territorial Legislature; the majority being of the Border-Ruffian stamp, and having it in their power to perpetrate whatever frauds may be necessary to secure the result they wish. If it is possible for them, by ballot-box stuffing and forged returns, to get a nominal majority in favour of the English-Lecompton rascality, they will not scruple to do so. Those best acquainted with the state of opinion in Kansas, however, feel sure that further attempt at frauds will be unavailing, and that the scheme will be defeated by an almost unanimous vote. We, however, are by no means sure that such will be the result. The Free State party in Kansas is much divided, several of its leaders wanting the offices which admission to the Union would make it necessary to fill, while the land-bribe is a great temptation to men whose highest rule of action is expediency. The day for the election has not yet been fixed.

The space at our command will not allow us to comment at present upon this new act in the Kansas drama. Our Philadelphia correspondent has well expressed the views we hold, and we will content ourselves with saying "ditto" to him.

ORSINI MEETING IN BOSTON.

LETTER FROM MR. GARRISON.

On Thursday evening of last week a meeting of friends of Universal Liberty was held in Boston, to commemorate the memories of the Italian patriot Orsini and his associates, who were lately beheaded at Paris for an attempt upon the life of that tyrant usurper, Louis Napoleon. William Lloyd Garrison, being invited to attend, addressed a letter to the meeting, in which, while giving due honour to the patriotism of Orsini and his companions, he did not neglect to utter such a testimony against violence as his well-known non-resistance principles demanded. The letter, however, appeared in the Boston papers (whence it was copied into some of the New York journals) in a mutilated form, the testimony against bloodshed being entirely omitted, so that Mr. Garrison was made to appear, to those who do not well understand his views, to lend his sanction to an act utterly repugnant to his principles. This mutilation, by whomsoever perpetrated, was exceedingly base. Here is the letter entire, the passage suppressed being enclosed in [ ] brackets:

BOSTON, April 29th, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I deem it an honour to have received an official invitation to be present, this evening, at the meeting at Turner's Hall, to commemorate the memories of Orsini and his associates, who have recently been beheaded by the decree of a remorseless tyrant in the person of Louis Napoleon, because it implies that you believe my sympathies and aspirations are with the oppressed throughout the world, without regard to race, colour or clime. You rightly judge my character. I am not only an abolitionist for the chattelized slave, but an emancipationist for the whole human race. I am no advocate for one-sided liberty, or mere national independence; but, wherever tyranny exists, I loathe and execrate it, and proclaim liberty to be the inalienable right of every human being—liberty of person, of locomotion, of thought, of speech, of the press—liberty in all things, under all circumstances, in all lands, for all peoples, through all time, and to all eternity. For more than a quarter of a century, I have publicly inscribed on my flag this motto, "MY COUNTRY IS THE WORLD; MY COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND." This sentiment is in my heart, and circulates with every drop of blood in my body; and when I prove recreant to it, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Therefore it is that I deeply sympathize with your gathering, this evening, because it is a heartfelt protest against the cowardly, perfidious, blood-stained usurper who has crushed the liberties of France, perpetrated innumerable crimes and atrocities, and is seeking to aid every form of European despotism. [It is true, I do not believe in killing any man—not even so great a monster as Louis Napoleon—because I believe in the inviolability of human life, and that the weapons of death are the legitimate weapons of despotism; while those of liberty are thought, speech, intellectual enlightenment, protest, contumacy, non-conformity, untiring persistency, indomitable purpose, unconquerable will, moral rebellion, abiding faith in the right, the divine spirit of martyrdom. Nevertheless, judging from the stand-point of patriotism as manifested at Bunker Hill and at Yorktown, at Bannockburn and Thermopylæ, and during the famous "three days" in Paris, when the Republic was inaugurated, with "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY," for its watchwords, I am bound to say (that I may not be misunderstood by any one) that Orsini was no assassin in spirit or purpose, but a brave man, true to his convictions of duty, his hatred of oppression, and his desire for the reign of freedom throughout Europe; and that it was the wholesale murderer, Louis Napoleon, who deserved to be beheaded, rather than Orsini.]

Your meeting will receive no sanction from the American press, people, or government. How can America sympathize with any struggle for freedom in the old world? She holds every seventh person of her vast population in fetters of iron, as a brute beast, as an article of merchandise. With four millions of slaves in her ruthless grasp, she has not only lost all reverence for human rights, but she ridicules and rejects her own Declaration of Independence; and hence her instincts and feelings are with every tyrant in Europe, and against its downtrodden masses; and such will be her state and attitude until she breaks every fetter, and liberates every slave, on her own soil: then shall she lead the nations of the earth to universal freedom.

Much more I could add, for my heart is full, and I "could pour it out like water"; but I must pause. Let me conclude with this sentiment:

Liberty for France, for Germany, for Italy, for all nations! Liberty for the slaves in America, for the serfs in Russia, for all peoples who are held in thraldom! Defiance and resistance to despots, come what may, and success to treason as against bloody usurpation!

Accept this testimony as a substitute for my bodily presence, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours, to break every yoke,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor of *The Liberator*.

The letter was greeted with frequent and spirited demonstrations of approval.

"THE REJECTED TRACT."

MR. WHIPPLE'S REPLY TO THE CRITICISM OF CHIEF-JUSTICE GREEN.

THE letter to which the following is a reply will be found in its appropriate department on the first page. The reply, it will be observed, is addressed to *The Journal of Commerce*, the paper through which Judge Green's letter was first presented to the public. The editor of that journal having, in accordance with his uniform practice toward Abolitionists, refused Mr. Whipple a hearing, we, at his request, permit him to speak in our columns. Those who read his reply to the Tennessee Judge will be at no loss to understand why a paper pledged to the support of slavery should be unwilling to give it currency. A pro-slavery press must necessarily be muzzled. Free discussion in its columns would defeat its object.—*Ed. Standard.*

To the Editor of The Journal of Commerce.

SIR: I find in your paper of the 26th inst. a letter from Chief-Justice Green, of Tennessee, one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Tract Society, to the Executive Committee of that body. As more than half of this long letter is occupied with criticism upon my tract ("The Family Relation, as affected by Slavery," which was offered to the Tract Society for publication, and rejected by its Publishing Committee), and as this criticism not only misrepresents me, but misstates some matters of evidence which, correctly stated, would sustain and corroborate my position, I request space in your columns for a reply to this part of the letter.

Judge Green commences his examination of "The Rejected Tract" by a general denial of its positions and a statement that "the very reverse is true, as a general proposition."

He proceeds to say—"Mr. Whipple takes *an isolated fact*, perpetrated by one of the worst of men, and, instead of stating the case as it really is—as a hateful and odious transaction in the estimation of the community where it occurs—it is stated as evidence of the general conduct of slaveholders."

I would ask Judge Green—To which of the *many facts* stated in my tract do you refer in the above sentence? When you speak of "one of the worst of men" (for I have used no such expression), do you refer to the Baptist preacher in Mississippi who compelled his slaves to labour on the Sabbath—or to the slave-trader in St. Louis who desired his customer to strip a coloured girl naked and examine every inch of her, if he wished—or to Rev. Dr. Few, of Georgia, who moved the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to resolve "That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable for any preacher to permit coloured persons to give testimony against white persons, in any State where they are denied that privilege by law"—or to which other of my specifications of the wickedness permitted by the slave laws? Let it be which it may, the statement is untrue that I have founded my condemnation of slavery or my representation of the general conduct of slaveholders upon any *isolated fact* whatever. Nay, the very reverse is true, since my tract commences with a statement, from the very highest legal authority, of what the slave laws are, and then quotes the action of courts of law, and of ecclesiastical bodies, in agreement with those slave laws, before coming to individual illustrations, and takes especial pains to direct attention to the wickedness inherent in the system, rather than to any action of individuals under it.

Judge Green complains of *my* statement of the law, as "worse than" "unfair and disingenuous"! But my tract gives no statement of my own on that subject. It merely copies a summary of the slave laws, collected and recently revised by the very highest legal authority. My opponent is controverting, not *my opinion*, but Judge Stroud's testimony, taken from the Statutes and Reports of the slave States.

In opposition to my quotation of the unimpeachable authority of Judge Stroud, in the latest edition (1856) of his "Laws relating to Slavery," as follows—

"III. The master may, at his discretion, inflict any punishment upon the person of his slave" (pp. 11, 55)—Judge Green asks—"Did not this writer know that Chief-Justice Taylor, of North Carolina, in the case of the State vs. Hale, 2 Hawks's Rep. 582, said—

"'It would be a subject of regret to every thinking person if courts of justice were restrained, by any austere rule of judicature, from keeping pace with the march of benignant policy and provident humanity which for many years has characterized every legislative act relative to the protection of slaves, and which Christianity, by the mild diffusion of its light and influence, has contributed to promote.'"

Against this rhetorical flourish, which Judge Green has the effrontery to quote as if it were evidence, I set the following sentences from the same decision of the same Chief-Justice Taylor, which show conclusively that the small consideration which the laws *do* render to a slave is rendered to him *as a piece of property*, and *for the pecuniary advantage of his owner*, not mainly for either justice or humanity towards himself.

"The instinct of a slave may be, and generally is, tamed into subservience to his master's will, and from him he receives chastisement, whether it be merited or not, with perfect submission; for he knows the extent of the dominion assumed over him, and that *the law ratifies the claim.*

* * * * * * *

"A wanton injury committed on a slave is a great provocation *to the owner*, awakens his resentment, and has a direct tendency to a breach of the peace, by inciting him to seek immediate vengeance.

* * * * * * *

"If such offences may be committed with impunity, the public peace will not only be rendered extremely insecure, but the *value of slave property must be much impaired.* * * *

"For all purposes necessary to enforce the obedience of the slave, and to *render him useful as property*, the law secures to the master a *complete authority* over him, and it will not lightly interfere with the relation thus established. It is a more effectual guarantee of *his right of property*, when the slave is protected from wanton abuse from those who have no power over him."

The second case cited by Judge Green, to disprove the assertion (quoted in my tract from Judge Stroud) that the power of master over slave is practically made *absolute* by the slave laws, is as follows:

"In the case of the State vs. Will, 1 Dev. & Bat. Rep. 121, the overseer (who had all the power of the owner) had inflicted a wound on Will, with a gun; Will fled, and, being pursued by the overseer, who was *unarmed*, Will turned upon him, and, in the scuffle, stabbed him so that he died. Judge Gaston, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, held that Will's offence was only manslaughter; the precise judgment that he would have been compelled, upon such facts, to have pronounced on a white man."

The point which Judge Green wishes to impress upon the reader is that humanity and benevolent consideration towards the slave were exercised in bringing him in guilty of manslaughter only and not murder, and that I ought to have made this representation in my tract.

I wish every reader of Judge Green's letter could read the full report of this case, which occupies 51 pages. I should desire nothing better to establish my claim, that the laws give the master a power practically *absolute*, and that this power is generally exercised *with rigour*, instead of with kind consideration for the unfortunate. *This, at least*, is not a case in which the Slave Power can claim credit for stretching a point in favour of humanity. I will first state some circumstances from the evidence (which Judge Green did not think fit to mention), showing what treatment slaves receive from overseers in those milder cases which I am accused of unfairly overlooking and ignoring.

The overseer, Baxter, being angry with the slave Will, took his gun (in spite of the dissuasion of his wife), and went on horseback to where Will was working, directing the foreman of the slave gang to follow him, at a distance, with his cowhide. He called Will from the cotton press, who took off his hat in a humble manner and came down. Baxter said something to Will, who thereupon "made off," and, at the distance of ten or fifteen steps, Baxter fired upon him, "and the whole load lodged in Will's back, covering a space of twelve inches square." Baxter directed three slaves to pursue Will, saying that "he could not go far," and then, laying down his gun, he mounted his horse, "headed" the flying slave and seized him by the collar. In a short time the other pursuers came up, and one of them, being ordered, attempted to seize Will, who had his knife drawn, and, in the struggle, Baxter, who was then unarmed, received a wound from Will which occasioned his death.

This is the transaction which Judge Green concisely states as the "stabbing" of an "unarmed" overseer by a slave.

So deliberate was the cruelty exercised in this case that the counsel for the prisoner declared that, even keeping in mind that an "overseer" of slaves is invested with all the authority of "owner," if the shot of Baxter had proved fatal, *he* would have been guilty of murder, and not of manslaughter only. Yet, even in the trial of the slave who, after receiving such a shot, chanced fatally to wound one of his *four* antagonists, the following position is taken by Judge Gaston, in regard to the *status* of slaves.

"Unconditional submission is the general duty of the slave; *unlimited* power is, in general, the *legal* right of the master. Unquestionably there are exceptions to this rule." p. 165.

This is precisely the ground I have taken in the tract in question. I have expressly admitted the exceptions, but my main business was with the general rule, which I now reaffirm, on the authority of Judge Gaston.

In the next case quoted against me by Judge Green, Jacob vs. the State, 3 Humph. Rep. 493 (incorrectly quoted 920), I find the following in the preliminary statement of legal principles involved in the case, and also in the judgment rendered by the Court.

"The right of the master to the obedience and submission of his slave in all lawful things is perfect, and the power belongs to the master to inflict any punishment on his slave, not affecting life or limb, which he may consider necessary; and if, in the exercise of it, *with or without* cause, the slave resist and slay his master, it is murder and not manslaughter, *because the law cannot recognise a violence of the master as a legitimate cause of provocation.*"

Judge Green (who was on the bench at that time) tells us that he expressed a contrary opinion, asserting that a provocation *might be* such as to reduce the homicide of a master to manslaughter. But he does not tell us how that opinion is practically nullified by his very next sentence. I quote them together, as reported p. 522, submitting that this opinion shows, as conclusively as anything in my tract, that the tender mercies of slavery are cruel.

"Green, J., delivered the following opinion.

"I think proper to announce distinctly, as my opinion, that there may exist cases in which the killing of a master, by his slave, would be manslaughter. What circumstances of *torture*, short of endangering life or limb, would so reduce a homicide, *it is not easy to indicate.*"

What comfort or advantage is the slave to derive from this? If this small amount of indulgence in a slaveholding Judge is exceptional, how infernally cruel must the ordinary administration of slave law be?

I am saved the trouble of examining the next law case that Judge Green quotes against me (State vs. Nelson, 10 Humph. Rep. 518) by the fact that his own statement of the decision corroborates my tract, as follows:

"The Court holds that the principles of the common law apply to a slave as to a white man—*except* that the provocation that would reduce a case to manslaughter must be *greater* than would be required in the case of a white man."

This precisely agrees with the two following specifications in my tract, namely:

"XVII. The penal codes of the slaveholding States bear much more severely upon slaves than upon white persons for the same offence.

"XIX. Trial of slaves upon criminal accusations is, in most of the slave States, different from that which is observed in respect to free white persons, and the difference is injurious to the slave, and inconsistent with the rights of humanity."

But Judge Green proceeds to claim that in Mississippi the law of homicide by a slave is the same as in Tennessee, where I have just shown it to be very bad. Suppose the claim be allowed, what has Judge Green gained for either State, on the score of justice or humanity?

But he further alleges that there are statutes in Mississippi enacting that cruel and unusual punishments of slaves may be punished by fine and imprisonment, and making it penal to inflict more than thirty-nine stripes at one time.

I ask him in reply—of what use are such statutes, while negroes are refused the right to testify, and while the master can commit any infraction of law with impunity, by keeping it out of the way of white witnesses? Let him answer this, and then I will ask—what right has the slaveholder to give the slave a *single* stripe, or to hold him in bondage *at all?*

Having now examined every case quoted by Judge Green against me from the Reports of Southern Courts, and shown that in every one of them my tract is corroborated instead of being disproved, I might fairly assume him to be confuted, and leave him. But I choose rather to explain some others of the misrepresentations of the letter in question.

Running through the whole of it, we find the assumption that certain reservations and limitations in the slave laws—as the prohibition in one State of cruel and unusual punishments of slaves, and in another of injury to their lives or limbs, and in another of more than thirty-nine stripes at one time—disprove the assertion of Judge Stroud that, under that code, the power of the master is *absolute*; that he may inflict "any punishment"—"any species of punishment"—with perfect impunity.

They do *not* disprove this assertion. Neither do they afford any protection to the slave against either sudden passion or deliberate cruelty on the part of his owner. The slave codes make an express provision by which all the statutes in question may be violated with perfect impunity. This provision, quoted by Judge Stroud, p. 106, is the following:

NEITHER A SLAVE NOR A FREE COLOURED PERSON CAN BE A WITNESS AGAINST A WHITE PERSON, EITHER IN A CIVIL OR CRIMINAL CAUSE!

In Judge Green's State, Tennessee, this provision may be found, *act of* 1777, *ch.* 2, § 42.

For practical purposes, as far as protection to the slave is concerned, the law might just as well combine these two statutes in one, and say,

No master shall kill a slave, maim him, whip him more than thirty-nine lashes, or roast him alive, without first sending all while persons out of sight of the act.

The law as expressly provides the means whereby its pretence of protecting the slave may be nullified as if it said this; and Judge Green knows it. The Church conforms its customs to those of the State, and refuses to let coloured communicants testify against white ones in the Church, and "Elder" Green knows it. And yet he has the assurance to represent the power of the master as practically limited, and the rights of the slave as practically secured, by both law and custom!

Let us come to another point.

In regard to the claim that "the Gospel is preached to the slaves," I had quoted the testimony of Dr. Nelson (author of the well-known work on Infidelity, published by the American Tract Society), after a residence of more than forty years in North Carolina, as follows:

"I say what I know when I speak in relation to this matter. I have been *intimately acquainted* with the religious opportunities of the slaves—*in the constant habit of hearing the sermons which are preached to them.* And I solemnly affirm that, during the forty years of my residence and observation in this line, I never heard a single one of these sermons but what was taken up with the obligations and duties of slaves to their masters. Indeed, I never heard a sermon to slaves but what made obedience to masters by the slaves the fundamental and supreme law of religion. Any candid and intelligent man can decide whether such preaching is not, as to religious purposes, *worse than none at all.*"

In reply to this, Judge Green says—

"Now it will be remembered that Doctor Nelson was an infidel, for far the greater part of the period of his residence South. He was also a practising physician of talents and character. He had very little leisure to hear preaching to slaves, and less inclination to hear it, until he became pious."

I am perfectly willing to let the word of Dr. Nelson, both as to his opportunities and his use of them, stand against the denial of Judge Green. And I will merely add the fact, which the Presbyterian "Elder" seems desirous to conceal, but which may be read by any one, either in the sketch of Dr. Nelson's life appended to his work on Infidelity, or in the one just published by Dr. Sprague, that, though a physician and an infidel in the early part of his life, Dr. Nelson was a Presbyterian minister for the last eighteen years of it.

But it somewhat curiously happens that, in the very act of contradicting the Reverend Dr. Nelson, Judge Green corroborates his testimony. He says—

"I have heard many, very many sermons addressed to the people of colour, and *I differ entirely from Dr. Nelson.* I have not heard the peculiar relation of the slave to his master often alluded to, *otherwise than as its duties might be included in the enforcement of honesty, integrity, fidelity, truth &c., as Christian duties.*"

That is to say, he *has* often heard the very thing which Dr. Nelson describes as the staple of Southern preaching to slaves, the inculcation of those qualities which render them *valuable as property* to their masters!

But here Judge Green asks a question, and emphatically repeats it, as if he supposed that the answer must put to silence not only Dr. Nelson, but the other numerous witnesses, Northern and Southern, who have declared that the slaves are, in many respects, in the condition of heathens.

"How does it happen that we find so many Christians among them?" [the slaves].

To this there are several things to be said.

First, you find a great many more than really exist. It takes something more to prove a Christian character than membership in a Church composed of slaveholders, and under the pastoral care of a slaveholding parson; something more even than membership in a Church composed entirely of slaves, with no better instruction than they receive from the clergyman who plays the part of spiritual "overseer" and spiritual "driver," taking pay from their oppressor to teach them the *duty* of obeying him. Your statistics of slave church-members are no criterion of the number of Christian slaves; and are not to be depended upon at all, for a moment, or in any particular whatsoever, after you have undertaken to justify slavery by the statement that the slaves have the Gospel preached to them.

Next, even if we should make the immense concession that your intentions are good, we cannot trust your *judgment* in regard to the spiritual condition of the slaves. If you rank slaveholders as Christians, of course you do not know what a Christian is, and you are incompetent to testify upon that point.

But lastly, and chiefly, it is absurd to suppose that God has left the salvation of His children, the slaves, dependent upon *your* tender mercies. God speaks to them, as to other heathens, by the works of His hands in nature, and in many other ways which you know not of. The heavens to them also declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard, and to this His still, small voice in their souls is added. And moreover, seeing the wickedness of their masters and the hypocrisy of their masters' priests apparently successful and triumphant in this world, they must be strongly prompted to place *their* hope and trust in another. No doubt a considerable number of them are Christians, in spite of the caricature of Christianity set before them by the slaveholders' chaplains.

Judge Green tells his readers that he has *not* seen such things as I have quoted from Dr. Parsons's "Tour among the Planters." What then? It is sufficient that so thoroughly competent and reliable a witness as Dr. Parsons saw them, even if he were not corroborated by numerous other witnesses.

Judge Green denies the statements of Mr. Olmsted respecting the licentious connection of white men with female slaves, and pronounces the equivalent

Monthly—like the blind man about light; and every one thought he could see till he said it was like sugar. The course recommended in this article seems to be to stand strong in your style, marching on your post;

> "And when the soldiers bear *dead bodies* by,
> To call them untaught knaves; unmannerly,
> To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
> Betwixt the wind and"——

your "magnanimous contempt"—"the irony of your lofty example" and "the sarcasm of your terrible silence." Twenty-five years ago it used to be called the *mission* of silence. It was something people compassed sea and land to fulfil and to keep. And still it seems by our writer to be considered, among so many other things, as the highest proof of moral courage, towards the close of a desperate and bloody day, for those who have saved themselves in terrible silence, on adjacent heights of lofty, sarcastic example, to "hold hard" (in sporting phrase), and never cry, with the canaille of narrow fanaticism and vulgar meanness, "Brave stroke, well struck! —noble field, well fought!—and every good heart leaps to justify the deed!"

All such elegant refraining of oneself and graceful marching upon one's post ends in "a battle fought and I not there!" and "all safe *but* honour"; and all done but duty.

Still, let us think as gently as may be of this manner of being. Is it not possible that such phrases may be the tokens of the heart's distress at having left its day's work undone? This silence, so sedulously recommended and so admiringly invoked, may be only clothed by so many fine names to hide its being what the poet calls

> "————the tears
> And the deep silence o'er a frustrate life!"

A "*vie manquée*." *Manqués*. Such, too, are the poems of this number. The authors have *almost* "made a spoon" (as the Scotch saying is) in each. "Camille" will *almost* read aloud. It shows how really and truly the author felt while projection was going on. The metal was all right, but the mould was not complete. Some defect in the modelling. Here is high and right feeling, but poetry is more than high feeling. It is high feeling sufficiently expressed. Some of Browning's fifty pieces are less well than the others, because some of them, as conceptions, were more foreign to himself than others, and he projected himself into them less completely in consequence.

But this is not the difficulty in "Camille." With some artists, their idea, so much superior to what their manipulation can ever be, shows the spirit that should rather have made a soldier or a reformer. This piece is not completely successful as a work of art, the tools not being yet mastered, nor the taste quite chastened, nor the hand quite strong enough. But it gives us real pleasure, and that is much to say. The drawback is, that we fear we could not make everybody like it as much as we do. It is, notwithstanding, a great moral lesson, not only to such as it would seem directly to warn, but to all who think it no harm to be defenders and apologists of slavery, for example, if one is only a good Christian withal. It tells them, too, that

> "————*No* deed divine *thenceforth*
> Stands royal in its far-related worth."

One more citation:

> "With joy that dulled me to the touch of scorn
> I served."

Yes, and the joy of service, joy all other joy above, quickens to *all* joy and dulls to the touch of *every* suffering. One more truth might have been conveyed as to what "will refit bewildered souls with aim." Does this writer know? But get the *Monthly*, May number, 1858.

The Autocrat's hymn is a mistake (and as good as a mistake can be), unless our taste is disordered—as by sweet-meats before wine—as by an old tune with new words.

Hear the old tune—words, thought, feeling alike simple and sublime—and then read the "Anatomist's hymn," and tell us whether it be not deprived of sublimity by its complexity, and so incapacitated from awakening the hymnic feeling.

It makes us feel not the electric shock itself, but admiration of the neat, clever machine that generates it. It apostrophizes the father, but the impression left strongest on the mind is not of a Creator, but of a mechanician.

But we need not have said all this to one of *that* perspicacity. *He knows it.* We are only thinking of the lesson in poetry just dealt out to 150,000 people. The lesson on old age is perfect. It makes up for the poetic failure of the hymn without a religion.

But here is the old tune to try it by—the hymn with religion in it; the machine and the shock of its evolution too.

> "The kings of old have shrine and tomb
> In many a minster's haughty gloom,
> And green along the ocean-side
> The mounds arise where heroes died.
> But tell me on thy flowery heart,
> Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!
>
> "The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
> Have made one offering of their days
> For Truth, for Love, for Freedom's sake,
> Resigned the bitter cup to take,
> And silently in fearless faith
> Bowing their noble souls to death.
>
> "Where sleep they, Earth? by no proud stone
> Their narrow couch of rest is known;
> The still sad glory of their name
> Hallows no mountain into fame;
> No—not a tree the record bears
> Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.
>
> "Would not our inmost hearts be stilled
> With knowledge of their presence filled,
> And by its breathings taught to prize
> The meekness of self-sacrifice?
> But the old woods and sounding waves
> Are silent of those hidden graves.
>
> "Yet, what if no light footstep there
> In pilgrim love and awe repair,
> So let be! like him whose clay
> Deep buried by his Maker lay,
> They sleep in secret; but their sod,
> Unknown of man, is marked of God!"

Is it not as we said? The Anatomist's hymn had been less a failure to a new tune. Still, to any tune, the essential fault of Darwin as a poet would have remained in it. But Darwin must not be undervalued. He understands natural effects. He

> "Bends the pale moonbeam round the sparkling coast,"

and the like feats that combine observation and expression, better than most.

But the failure in poetry this time enhances the triumph in prose. Whoever this man may be, he has kept a run of himself. Some men's life is observation. So, we guess, has his been.

Here is an article by another real liver, as one is obliged to know by the *timbre*. The author of "The Hundred Days" makes you feel, in his work, a man of experience. What a difference exists between a *litterateur* and a man who feelingly and exactly tells you how it really was. And some men would have seen it all and merely have reeled it off as charming twaddle! Some see a thing for the sake of telling of it. These live to write. Some tell of it for the sake of being paid for it. These write to live. Both are playing dangerous tricks with their minds. All the confusion of mind which, bookselling cupidity apart, does really exist about copy-right grows out of this fact at bottom—that, though a book is a work of art that ought to be protected, to all concerned, literature is a sacerdocy—liable as a paid priesthood to become corrupt. Here a grave question comes to mind, that of censorship. Which is most fatal to literature, whether as art or as religion, that of a Republic, exercised through a publisher, or that of a despotism, through the Ministry of the Interior? We think that of a Republic.

SUBSTANCE OF THE DISCOURSE, delivered by GERRIT SMITH in Peterboro, Feb. 21st, 1858.

The object of this discourse, which reaches us in the form of a printed letter, is to show that creeds and doctrines, however true in themselves, do not afford a rational test of Christian character, and therefore should never be made a basis in the organization of Churches, nor imposed as a condition of religious fellowship and cooperation. This idea Mr. Smith illustrates in a manner at once forcible and characteristic. "A religious creed," he tells us, "is proper. Every man should have one. But a Church creed is improper. Fifty or a hundred people in Peterboro or Cazenovia should no more be required to adopt a common religious creed than to shorten or stretch out their bodies to a common length."

His opinion of the preaching of the popular clergy is by no means flattering:

"If I understand them, it is not the religion of Jesus which they preach. They preach in favour of creeds and Churches and a clerical order of men. So mistaken are they as still to believe that Jesus came to establish all these; whereas he came to send them all down stream. Blind are they still to the fact that when his religion shall come to prevail over the whole earth, there will not one Church creed be left; no, nor one clergyman; no, nor one Church, in the present and popular sense of the word."

Faith in Christ, according to Mr. Smith, is not a faith in any system of doctrines.

"What is it to believe in Christ? I answer that such belief in its very highest sense is faith in justice, sincerity, mercy, love, and the other moral qualities of which man, be he in christendom or heathendom, has instinctive knowledge, and for his growth in which, be he in christendom or heathendom, he is responsible. These are the qualities which make up that sum of truth which Jesus came into our world to live to honour and die to magnify; and of which he declares himself to be the impersonation when he says: 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' This is the truth of which he spake when he said to Pilate: 'To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.' I repeat that to believe in Jesus in the very highest sense is to believe in those virtues which were all clustered in His perfect character; and moreover it is to believe in them so cordially and so constantly as to make them our own, and to prove that they are our own by their blossoms and fruits in our lives. Our lives and our likenesses to Christ are the precise measure of our faith in Christ."

Mr. Smith rejects the popular idea of the absolute authority of the Bible, and maintains that that idea leads to practical results of the most lamentable character:

"The Bible is really the best book in the world; though the present uses of it make it practically the worst. All other books put together are not so much as the Bible is the occasion of obstructing the progress of civilization and of filling the world with ignorance and superstition. It is adapted as no other book is to enrich the mind and expand the soul. But misapprehended, misinterpreted and perverted to the extent it is, no other book—nay, no number of books—does so much to darken the mind and shrivel the soul. The clergy make the Bible supreme authority. But our reason is, under God, the final judge in all questions. The Bible, instead of being used but to enlighten reason, is made to override it. Nevertheless this book, like every other book, is to be regarded as the servant of reason, and not reason as the servant of it. Reason must sit in judgment upon the Bible, as well as upon all things else: for it is the voice of God in the soul, and nothing must ever be allowed to be exalted above it."

"I said that reason has been overriden by the Bible. The vast evil consequences of it no human mind can measure. Why, for instance, is it that slavery is able to make so plausible and effective a defence of itself? It is because its defenders have been allowed to take it out of the jurisdiction of reason and submit its claim to the Bible. So, too, war and polygamy and the drinking of intoxicating liquors and the wrongs suffered by women have done not a little to prolong their existence by fleeing from their prompt condemnation in the court of reason to try what they can make for themselves out of certain cunning interpretations of the Bible. Alas, that it should ever be left to the decision of a book whether these naked and enormous crimes are or are not crimes! For what book is there that men cannot read in any and every way to suit their interests? The matchless crime of slavery is instantly condemned by not only the unlightened reason of mankind, but the untutored instincts of childhood. How absurd, then, to submit its character to the decision of pages and philology and exegesis—to the decision which learning and ingenuity are as like to draw to the one side as to the other! If men are so low in understanding as to need a Bible to teach them the moral character of the crimes I have enumerated, then are they too low in understanding to be helped by a Bible. Then may Bibles be made as well for donkeys and monkeys as for men. Who is willing to be a slave? No one. And this proves that the reason of man and the whole nature of man universally condemn slavery. Hence does it prove that if there is anything in the Bible for slavery, the Bible is so far wrong."

"Lest what I have now said might be construed into the admission that these crimes are countenanced by the Bible, I take this occasion to affirm that no one of them finds the least shelter in the principles of that blessed book. Neither the superstitious regard for the Bible and the superstitious assumptions in its behalf on the one hand, nor the assaults which atheism, skepticism and an ungodly rationalism make upon it on the other, can ever shake the confidence which he reposes in it who, in the light of a true and therefore reverent reason, has studied the claims of this volume to acceptance, honour, love and obedience."

The views of Mr. Smith are generally received by the people of Peterboro, insomuch that there remains not a single sectarian Church in the place. Character, not doctrine, is there urged as a test of piety. According to the logic of the clergy, Peterboro should be a very immoral place. Is it so? Hear what Mr. Smith says on this point:

"My neighbours, we are all aware that a low place in the ecclesiastical world is assigned to Peterboro. For many, many years we have been giving great offence to the clergy and the Churches. And yet, I must think that this little village—probably the only spot in the State to which the Anti-Slavery Society, that was mobbed out of Utica nearly a quarter of a century ago, could retreat in safety—is, in respect to a sound and rational religion, greatly in advance of almost every other place in the land. Our families, with certainly few exceptions, dwell together in peace and love; and in this there is no little proof that the religion of Jesus prevails among us. No little proof also of this is there in the fact that a great many years have passed away since intoxicating drinks were openly sold among us: and no little proof too in the fact that the filthy vice of snuffing, chewing and smoking tobacco is held by a large share of our people to be disgraceful and sinful. And where I ask most emphatically, is there a place in all our broad land so free as this from the spirit of caste? Whose table is there here to which a black man is not as welcome as a white one? When I heard the other day that our respectable youth of white faces and black faces had mingled together freely in a public dance, I confess (although I am not the advocate of public as I am of private dances) that I felt proud of my village. Where else in our country has the religion of Jesus achieved a conquest so beautiful, so decisive, and so much needed? Ignorant and unsound as we are held to be in regard to 'the doctrines,' nevertheless are we not quite as far advanced in humanity and practical Christianity as the places where every hair's breadth of the most orthodox interpretation of doctrines is contended for?"

Mr. Smith thus alludes to the present "religious awakening," of which so much has been said:

"There is a wide-spread revival of religion in our country. Of what religion, time alone can surely tell. It is not Christianity if it shall allow the rich to stand aloof from the poor and the people of one complexion to refuse to associate with the people of another. It is not Christianity if it is like the current religion. For the terms which this religion keeps with slavery and with the murderous prejudice against the coloured races proves it to be a spurious and satanic religion. Why, the very first lesson in the school of Christ is to know our brother and sister, and to see Christ in every man, woman, and child, be they rich or poor, white, red or black. The religion which does not go to bind together all human hearts is not the religion of the Saviour. A poor opinion of this revival shall I have if there shall still be as much opposition as ever to negro suffrage; and as great unwillingness as ever to mingle complexions in the school and Church; and as great readiness as ever to cast votes for pro-slavery men."

Mr. Smith has certainly established his claim to the honorable title of "infidel" at the hands of an Atheistic, pro-slavery Church! He could not well give better evidence that he is a Christian.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait. Pp. 732. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a remarkable book, over which we might linger long with both pleasure and profit, if time and the exigencies of our space would permit. For a clear and, in the main, an impartial outline of its contents, we refer the reader to the review from *Blackwood* on the fourth page.

Dr. Livingstone possesses, in an eminent degree, the physical, intellectual and moral traits necessary to a successful explorer. If he lacks genius, he is richly endowed with common sense; his energy and perseverance balk at no obstacle; his courage fails not in any emergency; his understanding of human nature, in all its moods and phases, gives him power over the ignorant and degraded. Though a missionary, he is not a blind zealot, harping perpetually upon "doctrines" and seeking to scare the "heathen" by the fear of hell. He sees clearly that Bibles, tracts and ordinances are not sufficient of themselves to commend the gospel to nations sunk in barbarism, superstition and poverty. In his first chapter he says:

"Our own education in England is carried on at the comfortable breakfast and dinner table, and by the cosy fire, as well as in the church and school. Few English people, with stomachs painfully empty, would be decorous at church any more than they are when these organs are overcharged. . . Not only must we show a friendly interest in the bodily comfort of the objects of our sympathy as a Christian duty, but we can no more hope for healthy feelings among the poor, either at home or abroad, without feeding them into them, than we can hope to see an ordinary working bee reared into a queen-mother by the ordinary food of the hive. Sending the gospel to the heathen must, if this view be correct, include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary, namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this, more speedily than anything else, demolishes that sense of isolation which heathenism engenders, and makes the tribes feel themselves mutually dependent on and mutually beneficial to each other."

In his intercourse with the natives he appears invariably to have won their confidence. His bearing was ever such as convinced them that he was unselfishly devoted to their welfare, and the treatment he received affords many new and striking proofs of the power of human kindness even over those who have never been blessed with the light of civilization and Christianity.

Dr. Livingstone's geographical and scientific researches are of great value, but his book is chiefly to be prized for what it tells us of the character, habits, opinions and manners of the people whom he visited. Here is an item of testimony which shows that "heathens" are not, after all, so *heathenish* as many suppose:

"On questioning intelligent men among the Bakwains as to their former knowledge of good and evil, of God and the future state, they have scouted the idea of any of them ever having been without a tolerably clear conception on all these subjects. Respecting their sense of right and wrong, they profess that nothing that we indicate as sin ever appeared to them as otherwise, except the statement that it was wrong to have more wives than one; and they declare that they spoke in the same way of the direct influence exercised by God in giving rain in answer to prayers of the rain-makers, and in granting deliverances in times of danger, as they do now, before they even heard of white men."

That the people of Africa are, in many respects, in a very benighted condition, cannot be denied; but we think no candid person can read Dr. Livingstone's work without being, on the whole, favourably impressed in regard to them, and seeing abundant encouragement to labour for their enlightenment and elevation. The hateful spirit of caste finds in these pages no justification or excuse; nor is there anything in them to support, but much that contradicts, the detestable theories of the slaveholders and their apologists in regard to the natural inferiority of the black race.

THE SOUTHERN PLATFORM; or, Manual of Southern Sentiment on the subject of Slavery. By DANIEL R. GOODLOE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The compiler of this pamphlet has done a service to the cause of freedom, for which its friends will be prompt to render him thanks. He has put in an accessible form all that the most eminent Southern Revolutionary characters have left us in their writings upon the subject of slavery. The Abolitionist who has occasion to cite the testimony of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Madison, Monroe, Luther Martin, Edmund Randolph, Col. George Mason, George Nicholas, Judge Gaston, Thomas J. Randolph, John Randolph, St. George Tucker, William Pinckney, Robert Goodloe Harper, Gen. Jackson, Gen. Broadnax, Judge Bushrod Washington, or any other eminent citizen of the South, in relation to the character and effects of the system for the preservation and perpetuation of which all the powers of the General Government are employed, has only to consult this pamphlet, the index of which will guide him in a moment to the very thing he wants. Every anti-slavery lecturer should add it at once to his apparatus, and make himself familiar with its contents. Besides the utterances of individuals, it contains the action of various public meetings and legislative bodies—the Virginia Convention of 1774, the North Carolina Convention and the Continental Congress of the same date, Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence, extracts from debates in various State Conventions, in the First U. S. Congress, in the Third Congress (upon the Quaker Memorial of 1794), and in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1832, &c., &c. *The Liberator* suggests to Mr. Goodloe to compile another pamphlet, embodying the sentiments of the present leaders of the South in favour of slavery, as set forth in speeches, newspapers, &c., in the last few years. The two together would present a remarkable and very instructive contrast, illustrating the demoralizing influence of slavery upon the individuals and communities that cherish it. We hope Mr. Goodloe may act upon the hint thus given.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIANS: By John Beeson.

We have here a second and revised edition of a book, written by a worthy man who has spent many years of his life among the Indian Tribes, and is seeking to kindle in the breasts of the American people a spirit of justice and philanthrophy toward them. The work may be had at this office, price 25 cents.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 727, opens with an article of rare interest, "Food and Drink," from *Blackwood*. This is followed by a capital story from *Bentley's Miscellany*, "Christianity and Hinduism," from *The Christian Remembrancer*, and "Curiosities of Natural History," from *Blackwood*. There are several fine poems and a variety of short articles. 508 Broadway.

LOUISA VON PLETTENHAUS; the Journal of a Poor Young Lady. Translated from the German. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

The object of this book is to illustrate the power of religion as a support under severe trials. It presents some touching pictures of domestic life.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN E. GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	A. T. SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

TRIAL OF MR. SAWYER.—Our readers will remember that the Rev. Samuel Sawyer, late of Rogersville, Tenn., whose exposure of the cruelties inflicted upon two slaves by Col. Netherland, a member of the Church of which he (Mr. S.) was pastor, was published one year ago, was thereupon cited to appear before the Presbytery upon a charge of slander, or something of that sort. He soon afterwards accepted a call to settle in Indiana. The Presbytery assembled at Rogersville on the 26th of March, and the following extract from the published minutes will show what was done:

"The case of Rev. S. Sawyer was taken up, and it was unanimously determined that, in view of all the light before Presbytery, it be continued until our next meeting (the prosecutors not objecting, because they desired Mr. Sawyer to be present when the case is investigated). It was further determined that when Presbytery adjourns, it adjourn to meet in Rogersville, on Tuesday, August 3d, at 7 o'clock p. m., and that the Stated Clerk be ordered to notify Rev. S. Sawyer of this action, and that his case will be taken up and disposed of at that time, and cite him to appear."

We doubt if Mr. Sawyer will trouble himself to answer charges made against him under circumstances evincing a spirit of persecution, and before a body from whom it would be absurd to expect a fair verdict. Col. Netherland, the author of the shocking cruelties revealed by Mr. Sawyer, did not in any way expose himself to ecclesiastical censure. He only "larruped his niggers" in the way permitted to pious Presbyterians in Tennessee.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3d.

WELL, the Lecompton outrage has passed Congress, and, on the whole, I am not sorry for it. When an evil deed is to be done, I like to see it done thoroughly. None of your half-way measures for me. The "Crittenden amendment" had much in it that was fair, and what it proposed to accomplish was substantially the thing which all good men desired; but it was a compromise, and, as such, was inherently vicious. It sacrificed consistency for advantage, and gave up principle for the sake of future profit. It required its supporters to abandon their ground that they might the better maintain it, and yield to their enemies as the best means of defeating them. It blotted out, abstractly, all distinction between the friends of freedom and their adversaries, and for the time being mixed up Republicans, Border-ruffians, and all, in the same category.

The "English bill" is a different thing. It is no compromise; it is unmixed villany. It differs from the original bill—"Lecompton pure and simple," as it was called—in the fact that the one was naked baseness, while the other was garbed in a meretricious drapery, which only made its shamelessness the more disgusting.

I am not sorry, as I said, for its passage, because it reveals not only the matchless wickedness of the slave party, but their despicable meanness. It shows them to be devoid of all honour, even that doubtful article which is said to prevail "among thieves." Certainly a baser juggle, a more contemptible swindle was never lobbied into law or dignified with the name of legislation. But as it serves to illustrate, what we have been trying so long to make plain, the hopeless corruption of the dominant party in this country, and the total depravity of our body politic, I am not sorry that it has passed. There are some things of which it may be said, "the worse they are, the better," and this is one of them. If the people had understood as well as we Abolitionists understand the inherent nature and necessary tendencies of our national compact, the Federal Government would not now be standing as it does, reeking with pro-slavery corruption and drunk with the blood of its victims. But they are in a fair way to be informed, and the developments of the last five months can't fail to have some effect in enlightening them.

I am not sorry for the passage of the bill, because it is a hopeful sign when "a sick man" shows his disease on the surface; especially when the indications make known both the nature and extent of the malady. In this case the diagnosis and prognosis are so plain that the most unskilful need not be deceived.

Then I like the measure because it makes the line of demarcation between the right and the wrong so plain that "wayfaring men, *though* fools (and we have plenty of them), shall not err therein." I like it, too, because it expurgates the "party of freedom" in Congress of some of its basest materials. How many more such vendible patriots as English, Owen Jones, Cox, and the other feculent creatures who make up the catalogue, may be left in the ranks, it is impossible to say; but that there are "a few more of the same sort" remaining would be an absurd stretch of charity to doubt. Who and what these are, the next temptation will doubtless make manifest. *Timeo danaos;* I am afraid of Forney and Douglas "even bearing gifts," and yet they are stalwart tribunes, brave defenders, for the time being, of the people; I wish they might have virtue enough, in a change of circumstances, to maintain their position. I wish they would say something to blot out their past record, and do something the moral heroism of which would justify the admiration which good men everywhere are ready to award them. I read Forney's paper with interest, and there is something about the man which I confess I like. As an editor he wields a dextrous pen, and his leading articles are fine specimens of vigorous English. He is withal manly and courteous in manner, regardful at all times of propriety; and in every outward respect as much the antipode of John W. Forney, the quondam editor of *The Pennsylvanian*, as it is possible for man to be. And yet he keeps recurring, every now and then, to his past course with such evident pride as to forbid the belief that his present amendment is the result of any radical change. I wish one could feel a little more sure of him. He has fine qualities of head and heart, and, rightly grounded in moral principle, would make a public benefactor.

To-morrow we hold our municipal election, and our city politicians are all on the tip-toe of excitement. Richard Vaux, our present Mayor, son of Robert Vaux, of honoured memory, has been nominated by the Buchanan Democrats for reëlection, and Alexander Henry, a lawyer and highly respectable gentleman, unknown to politics, is the candidate of the opposition. Mr. Vaux is supported by the Lecomptonites of his party, though neither he nor they have broached that issue openly in this contest. Mr. Henry is put forward by the Opposition, which is made up of Republicans, Americans, and Old Line Whigs. If the latter is elected, it will be owing to the deep disgust which is felt on every hand with the party which supports the former. Nevertheless, his election is an event by no means certain. His opponent is a man of much personal popularity, while he until now has been unknown to the public even by name. Mr. Vaux has, too, the advantage of present possession of the office; he wields the power of an extensive patronage, and has a large body of subofficeholders at his command. Besides, he has managed to go into this contest without being committed to the support of Lecomptonism, while Mr. Henry labours under the very serious disadvantage of being a recognised "Know Nothing," and of being supported chiefly by the leaders of that party. The Republicans, I fancy, will not be distressed if the candidate whom they support should be defeated, as that would probably put an extinguisher upon Know-Nothingism and rid their party of this element of division at the next Presidential election.

The "Revival" feeling still exists, to some extent, though the excitement which has heretofore characterized it is evidently on the decline. It has at no time, so far as my observation has gone, found much place with the thoughtful and best educated classes; its chief subjects being those who, by their mental or temperamental conditions, have been predisposed to be affected by it. That it will do good, I sincerely hope; though my expectations as to the extent of its usefulness, I confess, are not very sanguine. It seems to be chiefly an emotional excitement; a sentimental effervescence, producing no deep and radical change of character, and promising, at the most, but a scanty crop of the peaceable fruits of righteousness. In this respect it differs from other revivals which have preceded it, the genuineness of which have made them historical. To the Revival of 1830–32 has been ascribed by some the origin, or rather the early and suddenly acquired strength, of the anti-slavery movement. The American Anti-Slavery Society was formed by men not a few of whom had had their religious training and had formed their moral character in revivals. The "Lane Seminary boys" were converts of revivals, and so were many of their associates who have since been distinguished labourers in the anti-slavery vineyard. I doubt if the same thing, or anything similar, can be said twenty-five years after this of those who are now chronicled in the newspapers as "subjects of regenerating grace." The fact that Dudley A. Tyng preached at one or more of these revival meetings has gone far with some to give them religious respectability; but the fact, more notorious still, that the Rev. John Chambers, a blathering Buchanan Democrat and noisy apologist for slavery, is a prominent leader at these assemblies, goes still further the other way. I see by the papers that a large number of new members has been added to the Church of which Mr. Chambers is pastor. If these converts should be like their spiritual father, the defenders of slavery will have reason to rejoice in a large accession to their numerical strength.

In speaking of the different Churches and ministers, in my late letters giving an account of the state of anti-slavery feeling in this city, I bethink myself that I have made no mention of the Unitarian Church or of its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Furness. The reason that suggests itself for the omission is that Dr. Furness stands so near us and is so closely identified with our movement that anything in commendation of him would seem like self-praise. And yet my statement will not be complete, nor the truth have had its due, till I say that no Church in the city (I don't include the Friends) embodies so much earnest abolitionism as does the Unitarian Church, and no minister in Philadelphia can compare in anti-slavery thoroughness and efficiency with the distinguished pastor who has the care of it. The unpopularity of the Unitarian creed is doubtless a drawback to Dr. Furness's usefulness, but the influence of his example, both as a minister and a man, the consistency of which he has maintained without reproach in this community for more than thirty years, has not been without its natural effect. It has been a rebuke to other ministers and a noble testimony to the people at large. His Church is largely attended, and not a Sunday passes that his voice is not raised either in prayer to God or admonition to his people, or both, against the great and crying sin of the nation. There are not quite so many rich and fashionable people among his hearers since he began to preach so distinctly against slavery as there used to be, most of this character having gone to the Episcopal or other Orthodox Churches, where they could cherish their pro-slavery sentiments undisturbed, but their places have been taken by a more intelligent and appreciative class, who know how to honour ministerial independence and are not insensible to the appeals of a true gospel.

I might add to the name of Dr. Furness that of Lucretia Mott, and speak of her in the same terms; but as she is a member of our Executive Committee and in all respects one of us, it would be hardly decorous in me to do so. I will, therefore, on this point, say nothing; and at this point, as I have already said enough, stop. M.

PERSONAL.

Theodore Parker has declared his intention to be present at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, to commence at Longwood, Pa., on the 30th inst. Andrew Jackson Davis, and his wife, Mary F. Davis, are also expected to be present, though not on the first day.

On Thursday of last week, during the debate upon the English compromise, Joshua R. Giddings, after uttering a few words in vindication of his vote for the Crittenden amendment, fell back fainting, and was thereupon taken to the Speaker's room, where he soon recovered. The state of his health is such that his friends do not deem it safe for him to attempt to address the House at all. We need not say how deeply we regret that this brave and venerable champion of liberty is unable to lift up his voice as aforetime in reprobation of governmental villany.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTION.—The municipal election in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, resulted in the utter defeat of the Lecompton Democracy. Mr. Henry, the People's candidate, was elected Mayor by 4,300 majority, and the other officers on the same ticket by majorities ranging from 2,500 to 3,500. The Democrats have one majority in the Select Council. The Opposition have a majority of two-thirds in the Common Council.

LORING REWARDED.—Edward Greeley Loring has been nominated to the Senate as Judge of the U. S. Court of Claims, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Judge Gilchrist. He will be confirmed, of course. If he shall accept the office, the people of Massachusetts may congratulate themselves upon his removal from the State.

Summary.

The citizens of St. Cloud, Minnesota, have bought a new press for Mrs. Swisshelm, to replace the one destroyed by the mob.

THE WAY THINGS ARE DONE IN ALABAMA.—One John Shelley, of Montgomery, Alabama, who was convicted of the crime of selling a pistol to a negro, was escorted by a military company, upon a rail, to an Artesian Well, when, after immersion, he was released and told to depart. An Albany friend, who sends us a Montgomery paper containing the account, says, on the margin, "I saw it."—*Albany Journal.*

In boring the Artesian well in Stockton, California, the borer struck a red wood stump 350 feet below the surface of the ground, and more than 250 feet below the level of the Pacific ocean. The earth above and below was of stratified clay and sand, which had apparently not been disturbed since its original deposition, which occurred nobody knows when, perhaps several hundreds of thousands of years ago. That is a tough old stump.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says that the celebration of the opening of the Boulevard of Sebastopol was delayed three days in consequence of the discovery of a new plot to destroy the life of the emperor, and what was to have been a purely civil was turned into a military demonstration for the same reason. He was an eye-witness, and not only denies the statement of the Paris journals that the Emperor's presence excited the enthusiasm of the crowd, but asserts that he was received with marked indifference.

THE TYNG FAMILY.—The Tyng family are of Massachusetts origin, claiming descent from Gov. Dudley, one of the first chief magistrates of the colony. Mr. Dudley Atkins Tyng, father of the Rector of St. George's Church, was a lawyer, residing at Newburyport, and for many years was reporter to the Supreme Court. His family name, says the *Massachusetts Spy*, was Atkins, to which, for some reasons, the name of Tyng—supposed to have been his mother's maiden name—was added by legislative enactment.

On May Day the citizens of Dedham, Mass., celebrated the anniversary by assembling to set out fifty young trees along the public highway. The trees were mostly elms. When the job was done the amateur agriculturists adjourned to the Agricultural Hall, where a repast was set out, to wind up the ceremony of setting up. Edmund Quincy, Esq., presided, and made a speech, and other speeches followed from Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., the Rev. Dr. Lawson and others, and a letter from the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder was read. It was a great day in Dedham.

AN UNSOUND HICKORY BUSH.—Mr. Cox, of Ohio, who has just joined the Lecomptonites, "for the sake of a United Democracy, to which he owed all he had," is the same man who, a short time since, declared that "the President might as well attempt to root out all the hickories from the western woods as drive the anti-Lecomptonites out of the Democratic party." He has proved the truth of his remark by rendering himself unworthy of the distinction of being read out of the party. It does not take much of a gale to upset a whole forest of rotten hickories.—*Evening Post.*

NORTHERN SLAVE-TRADERS.—The Baton Rouge (La.) *Advocate*, in reference to the late bill before the Louisiana Legislature for the importation of Africans, says that Gov. Wickliffe is in receipt of an application from a New Yorker for an agency to conduct the enterprise. The writer professes to know "all about" the slave trade, is able to conduct the contractors to the most eligible points on the African coast for obtaining "apprentices," and thinks that he can otherwise bring a fund of experience and knowledge to bear upon the interests of the importers, not elsewhere to be met with.

THE TWO PROPOSITIONS.—

> To settle the Kansas imbroglio, one day,
> The House and the Senate were worried;
> The one answered yes, and the other said nay,
> And "Old Buck" was distressingly flurried.
>
> Billy English appears—and unfolds in his hands
> A plan, steeped in cunning and knavery;
> He says—"Give the Kansas folks millions of lands,
> And they'll swallow Lecompton and Slavery!"
>
> Even so, all the kingdoms of earth to Messiah
> Were shown by the Spirit of Evil;
> "All these will I give," said the boasting old liar,
> "Only fall down and *worship the Devil!*"

—*The Sun.* CURRESTONE.

EAGLESWOOD.—This is the name of one of the most attractive and delightful retreats in the vicinity of the city. It is near Perth-Amboy, New Jersey, about equally distant from New York and Philadelphia, and combines as many advantages for a country residence as any place we know. A healthful atmosphere, good sea-beathing, facilities for boating, and fine rides and walks, are among its recommendations; but the greatest inducement which it presents to families is the school of Mr. Weld, which, in its rare combination of physical, intellectual and moral influences is unsurpassed by any in the country. This we speak, not from hearsay, but from actual inspection and knowledge, and the eminent persons referred to in the advertisement in another column will, we believe, more than confirm the testimony.—*Evening Post.*

FEMALE ARTISTS IN BOSTON.—A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Boston, says: "I wish I could give you a detailed account of my visit to the studios of the artists. There are so many female artists in Boston that they have an Art-Club by themselves, which assembles weekly in the parlours of the widow of the lamented Cheney, where they pursue their studies in a systematic and noble way. The low-browed, dark-eyed wife of Ames, is unfolding a real genius for sculpture; and the most aristocratic circles of Boston afford devoted students of Art. In general, the ladies of Boston give themsel

Miscellaneous Department.

THE FAMISHED HAND.

For The Standard.

[The writer of the following article is a lady of great respectability, who has removed her family from a slave State to a free State, and whose statements may be relied on as true. EMANCIPATOR.]

In the year 1834 or 5, I left Norfolk, Va., in a large schooner bound for New York. One of the cabin passengers had a sick child, and no attendant. The second day after we left Norfolk, the child asked for food; and I offered to prepare a toast for it. For this purpose I went to the cook's room, which was below the deck, and in going to which it was necessary to pass a quantity of freight, which had been put on board at Norfolk.

The steward kindly assisted me in making the toast, and added a cracker and a cup of tea. With these on a small waiter, I was returning to the cabin, when, in passing the freight, which consisted of boxes, bags, &c., a little tawny, famished-looking hand was held out from between the packages. The skeleton fingers, agitated by a convulsive movement, were evidently reached forth with a view to the food in my possession. Shocked, but not alarmed, by the apparition, I laid the cracker on the hand, which was immediately withdrawn. No one observed the transaction, and I went swiftly to the cabin. The sick child was gratified with its meal; and when, in the afternoon, it wanted more, I again offered my services. I apologized to the steward for the liberty I was taking in visiting his premises so often, but pleaded the necessity of attending to the little invalid. I found he was a father, and inquired the names of his children. I brought him presents for them, and so ingratiated myself into his favour that I soon had free access to the larder, and often found nice things prepared for myself as well as the little one in the cabin. But whatever I could procure was divided with the famished hand, which to me had become a precious charge. There must have been an eye to watch my motives. In fancy I could see that eye gleaming at my approach but at other times closed in utter despair.

As all was tranquil on board, it was evident that I alone was aware of the presence of the unseen fugitive, and I humbly returned thanks to God for allowing me the privilege of ministering to the wants of this his outcast, despised and persecuted image. That the unfortunate being was a slave, I doubted not; but how could I serve him or her, or whoever it might be, effectually? I knew the laws and usage in such cases. I knew the poor being had nothing to hope from the captain and crew of the vessel, and repeatedly asked myself the agonizing question, Will there be any way of escape? I had hoped we might land in the night, and so, under favour of darkness, the fugitive be enabled to go on shore, unseen by those on board. I determined to watch for and assist the creature, who had been thus providentially consigned to my care. On the sixth day (we having a long passage) I found that the goods below were being moved, in order to come at something which was wanted; and so filled up was the passage that I could not go below. My heart seemed to die within me, for the safety of the sufferer had become dear to me. We sat down to dinner, but the dishes swam before my eyes. I felt that a discovery must take place. The tumbling of the freight below had not ceased. Each moment I expected an alarm. At length I heard a sudden hallo! and all was quiet. Presently the steward came into the cabin, looked significantly at the company, and whispered to the captain. The captain was carving, but immediately laid down his knife and fork, and went on deck. One of the passengers followed him, but soon returned, and, in a laughing manner, informed us that a strange passenger had been found among the freight. "It is," added he, "a small mulatto boy, who says he belongs to Mr. ——, of Norfolk; that he had been concealed among the lumber, on the wharves, for two weeks, and secreted himself in the schooner the night before we sailed. He is going to New York to find his father, who escaped two years since. And," continued he, "he is starved to a skeleton, hardly worth taking back." Many jokes were passed as to the manner of his being renovated, when he should fall into the hands of his master. Some thought that the vessel must put immediately back. Others were of opinion, as we were within eight hours' sail of New York, the trip would be made, and the boy carried back on her return.

The unfortunate child had been brought on deck, and we all left the cabin to look at him. I followed behind, almost unwilling to see him, and stood some time by the companion way, in order to gain strength for the interview. I then proceeded forward. As soon as he discovered me, a bright gleam passed over his countenance, and he instantly held out to me the same famished hand! My feelings were no longer to be controlled. There stood a child, before me, not more than eleven or twelve years of age, of yellow complexion and sad countenance, nearly naked, his back seared with scars, and his flesh wasted to the bone. I burst into tears—into lamentation; and the jeers of others were for a moment turned into sympathy.

It, however, began to be suspected that I had brought the boy away, and in that case the vessel must put back, in order to give me up also. But I related the circumstances, as they occurred, and all appeared satisfied with the truth of my statement.

I requested that I might be allowed to feed the boy, which request was granted; and I carried him some dinner on a plate, which he ate voraciously, and, as I stood beside him, he looked into my face at every mouthful. There was something confiding in his look. When he had finished his meal, as I took the plate, he rubbed his fingers softly on my hand, and leaned his head toward me, like a weary child. Oh that I could have offered him a place of rest—that I could have comforted and protected him—a helpless child, a feeble, emaciated, suffering, innocent lad, reserved for bondage and the torture.

Towards evening he was taken below, and I was no more allowed to see him, but I learned that he was put in the steerage, strongly bound, and that the "proper authorities" of New York would be consulted as to the disposal of him. We came to anchor, during the night, at some distance below the city. The captain informed us, in the morning, that the vessel had been forbidden to enter the port with a fugitive slave on board; that she must discharge her cargo where she lay, and return with all possible despatch to Norfolk. A boat was provided to carry us up; and I remarked to the captain that there was a "great ado about a helpless child." He replied, "the laws must be obeyed."

As I approached the city, I could not help exclaiming, "Is this the region, this the soil of boasted freedom?" Here where the child is treated like a felon, manacled, anchored from the shore to be sent back to slavery and the lash, deprived of the fostering care which even the brute is allowed to exercise towards its young? Here the slender boy seeks the protection of a father—name dear to helplessness! Does Humanity aid him in the search? No; Humanity is circumscribed in her operations by *law*, which consigns one portion of Freedom's sons and daughters to the service, the control and the brutality of the other. Humanity looks on them and weeps. Further she cannot do. "The laws must be obeyed."

And now, since years have passed, where is that boy? Does he still live in hopeless bondage? Are other scars added to those imprinted on his infant skin? When I saw him, he appeared innocent as a child of freedom. He felt and suffered as a child of free parents would feel and suffer. His sorrows were touching as the sorrows of a white child would have been. Alas! poor youth, from me thy fate is hidden. If living, thou art still young; but were thy days turned into pages, what a volume to meet the human eye!

S. E. S.

Life Preserver in Cases of Fire.—At the last meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr. James Sinclair exhibited a model of a life-preserver, for supplying fresh air to persons enveloped in smoke in case of fire. The author stated that the apparatus comprised an elastic band, which, when in use, encircled the head, covering the mouth, opposite to which a cup-shaped opening communicated with a flexible tube, sufficiently open for respiration. He proposed that it should be used in cases where life was in danger from suffocation, arising from smoke, on occasions of fire. He described the manner of using it to be by dropping the loose open end into fresh air, inhaling by the tube, and exhaling by the nostrils; when not required, to be pendent on the neck, coiled ropewise round the waist, or instantaneously cast aside.

COLUMBUS IN DESPAIR.

[In 1846, "The Island Bride," a poem, by James F. Colman, was published in Boston, by William D. Ticknor & Co. Although, from some cause which we shall not attempt to explain, it failed to win its way to the popular heart, we do not hesitate to avow an earnest liking for it. We read it, on its first appearance, with admiring appreciation, and have cherished it ever since among our literary treasures; and we shall be happy now if this late acknowledgment of the gratitude we feel to the author shall serve to commend his work to any lover of good poetry who may not have heard of it before. The story of "The Island Bride" intertwines itself with the history of Columbus, depicting his struggles, rebuffs, despair, and final triumph in the discovery of the New World. We present an extract, in which the immortal discoverer gives utterance, in sublime soliloquy, to the emotions which stirred his soul at the moment when he despaired of the aid without which it would be impossible for him to prosecute his grand enterprise. The poet, after describing the triumphant procession of "bold barons, with their feudal trains," which, after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain,

"File upon file, in martial order swept,"

entering the gates of the Capital,

"To raise upon those towers the badge of Christian sway,"

thus proceeds:]

But who is he that from the mountain-track,
With pilgrim scrip and staff beside him laid,
Upon that gorgeous pageant looketh back
From underneath the cork-tree's massive shade?
With such a glance had Marius surveyed
Rome's towering capitol; Napoleon
Had thus upon his ocean-prison strayed;
Or Aristides watched the beam that shone
Where in the lessening distance gleamed the Parthenon.

Manhood sits throned upon his brow; his eye,
Which to his troubled soul gives utterance,
Proclaims him born beneath a southern sky;
Large, dark, and radiantly bright, its glance
Hath the profoundness of prophetic trance,
And not the warrior's restlessness; but blind
To knightly panoply, shield, plume, and lance,
Like some lone star in its own beams enshrined,
It burneth with the deep, unflickering fires of mind.

The bright sun is unheeded—the fair scene,
Where nature speaks her welcoming aloud,
Is all for him as if it had not been;
His countenance, convulsed and gloomy-browed,
Hangs o'er the valley like a brooding cloud,
Which from Vesuvius' quenchless crater streams,
Unfurling o'er green earth its murky shroud
Across heaven's blue concavity—while gleams
Of lightning tell the Titan soul with which it teems.

* * * * * * * * *

A young boy sits beside him, who in his
Has forgotten in the hand, His eager eye,
Unmindful of those racking reveries,
Mirrors the distant pageant merrily;
Heaven's cloudless, clear tranquility doth lie
Upon his face, where, scarcely in their birth,
Thoughts glimmer like the restless butterfly;
And, like a fountain sparkling from the earth,
Bursts bubbling from his breast the melody of mirth.

Unthoughtful and uncomprehendingly
His vision tracked that triumph o'er the plain,
Restless and dazzled—when a sudden cry
Escaped his lips—he turned as if in pain;
His father's grasp with a convulsive strain
Had tigutened upon his. Well might he shrink
From that distorted glance of fierce disdain;
As, at the fount where he was wont to drink,
Some glistering, red-eyed snake had scared him from the brink.

And his young gaze of round-eyed wonderment
Questioned his father with its mute appeal;
And still he strove, with artless blandishment,
To win him from that mood. His loving zeal
Hath half its purpose; those pale lips unseal;
His spirit from its slumber hall awoke;
Wild words his bauulling fantasies reveal;
Unconscious of companionship, the yoke
Fell from his soul; in stern soliloquy he spoke.

"O human trust! on what a broken reed
Do thy fond victims vainly lean for rest!
How dost thou, warmed there like the viper-breed,
Sting into anguish man's deluded breast!
How many a sob of agony repressed,
And tear of blood, are shed upon thy shrine!
How many an imprecation unexpressed
Rings in the empty heart at thee and thine,
While round our barren path thy mocking meteors shine!

"My cherished, visionary hopes are fled,
Like morning's soulless, unsubstantial mist;
Through years of weary poverty they led
Me on, till youth in lingering farewell kissed
My sea-worn cheek, and manhood did enlist
Me in his struggling legions: now, alas!
Each crumbling toothold ceaseth to exist;
And giant forms of human grandeur pass,
Elusive as the shapes that crowd the wizard's glass.

"In vain my spirit did conceive—in vain
Did the dark billows round the frozen pole
Utter their salutation, at whose strain
The sleeping embryo stirred within my soul;
And thrillingly there darted through the whole
Of my rapt being a deep feeling, fraught
With the electric flame Prometheus stole
From the defrauded Godhead. Earth hath naught
Of rapture like the throb that tells the birth of Thought!

"And with a spirit-grasp it bore me on,
Month after weary month of dull delay,
While doubt and caution coldly look upon
My grand, incomprehensible essay;
It fed with fire my eye's undazzled ray,
And calmed the ebb and flow of life's red tide,
'Mid royalty's ephemeral array,
And through all perils, like a goddess-bride,
Stood, with sustaining presence, ever by my side.

"I'd thought to vindicate the spirit's claims
To proud preeminence in courts of kings;
That the calm step which leads to peaceful aims
Might trample into dust all meaner things;
That, high above the path where venomed stings
Of creeping passions wound our toiling feet,
Genius might soar on tireless eagle-wings—
Careless of all the baffling storms that beat—
To some cloud-cleaving pinnacle, its regal seat.

"I met till now undauntedly and bold
The supercilious sneer, the frozen glance;
My prophet-vision recked not of the cold,
Unsympathizing human countenance.
What were the guerdons of the puny lance,
Their acres, castles, counted all in one,
Titles of proud, heraldic utterance,
To my broad realms white-haired thought hath won,
Beneath the midnight tract of the unsleeping sun?

"Hath won! ah, no! in vain, alas, in vain
I drag my shackled limbs along the shore,
Bound in necessity's unyielding chain,
Whose iron eateth to my being's core!
Vainly did thought, on dovelike wing, explore
The western waste of waters, and did bring
Its tribute, like the wanderer of yore;
Never shall I greet those fair shores welcoming,
Nor e'er these weary limbs on their green borders fling!

"'Tis not the elements that bar my claim
To that sea-born inheritance. Unswayed
By pomp or power, dear Earth is still the same
For every filial son; her waves have made
Themselves my courser; the bright sun, arrayed
As in barbaric monarch's panoply,
With glittering golden spoils, and gems inlaid,
Doth in his westering footsteps beckon me
To follow to his throne beyond the barrier sea.

"'Tis man who fails me; vainly have I sued
To him to aid my mighty enterprise;
I've sunk my nature's sternness to each mood,
Each tone, to which his fickle heart replies;
Glory and gain before his greedy eyes
I've painted dazzlingly; have pierced the veil
That guards the nobler spirit's mysteries,
Trusting through nobler impulse to prevail;
But sloth and envy still forbid to hoist the sail;

"Traitors and unbelieving! they would reap
Another's harvest-field; but still the sea
Doth well her unconfined secret keep,
Or they would have the lion's share. E'en she,
That paragon of magnanimity—
Beneath whose matron-sceptre's gentle sway
I'd stretch a hemisphere's convexity—
Urged by their caitiff-counsels, turns away,
Nor grants those unfound realms the giver to obey.

"Now hope is dead; unheeded and forgot,
My bones must fill a nameless sepulchre;
No lineage shall deck my burial-spot,
Or wear the crown Columbus doth confer.
Would I might lift each spirit-murderer,
As in an eagle's talons, to the sky,
Point him those lands than Eden lovelier—
Then dash the tortoise minded wretch from high,
And in his shivered armour let him quivering lie!"

He sank upon the ground; it was an hour
Of agony that seeketh not relief;
His goaded spirit bent beneath the power
Of that o'ersweeping hurricane of grief.
But when the ruthless storm hath spent its brief
Ungoverned interval of frenzied rage,
All glitteringly upon the autumn-leaf
Hangs the bright rain-drop—winds no longer wage
Their warfare—and soft showers earth's woes assuage.

'Twas thus with him—he felt that passion sweep
In fury o'er his desolated mind,
And bear away, like the remorseless deep,
The idols in its sanctuary enshrined.
But, 'mid those ruins, shook and undermined,
His soul looked up to the blue vault—he cried,
"Lead thou, O God, thy creature, trembling, blind!
He, who hath felt himself to thee allied,
Is still thy servant—let Him in thy strength abide!"

How peaceful, through the tempest's rifted walls,
The first blue gleam of heaven meets the sight!
How tenderly the earliest sunbeam falls,
More dear than all its brotherhood of light!
Upon the swift-receding skirts of night
How gently hangs the rainbow-coloured ray!
How musical the streamlet's tones unite
With gladdened nature's ringing roundelay,
While the low-sobbing clouds in white robes steal away!

But clearer than the sky's celestial blue,
That tells of peacefulness beyond the gloom—
Than the pellucid sunbeam, looking through
The curtained clouds, upon some loved one's tomb—
Lovelier than new-born Summer's earliest bloom—
Is the deep calm when tempted man hath prayed;
When hope's young smile his darkness doth illume;
When passion's waves by Christ's pale feet are laid,
And his still voice replies, "'Tis I, be not afraid."

And that calm fell upon him—and on that
There broke a sun of gladness. Lo! the boy
Hath started from the hillock where he sat,
And cries in accents of familiar joy—
"See, see, our friend whose aidance shall destroy
Thy moody mournfulness!" A horseman came
With priceless tidings, free from doubt's alloy—
"My gracious mistress greets thy honoured name;
This night, her willing ear will hear thee plead thy claim."

A Yorkshireman, on a railway platform, had Baron Macaulay pointed out to his notice; and, upon its being explained to him that the Baron was an author, who was formerly known as Mr. Macaulay, he thus gave vent to his astonishment: "That's Measter Micowley, the author, is it now? We'll I awla's thought they look'd pale and seedy loike, and ow't at elbows, ye noa; but that chap's gout a hat, and he's so we'el dress'd too—dang it, I shud ne'er ta'en him for an owther!"

THE MISSIONARY EXPLORER.

From Blackwood.

It is some time since any volume has made so much noise, or excited so great an interest, as the narrative of Dr. Livingstone.* This is the story of a remarkable man, but it is not otherwise a remarkable book; and it is to the credit of this generation, which loves "style" so much, and is so greatly influenced by literary graces, that a work so entirely devoid of both should, nevertheless, have attained so remarkable a popularity. We permit the great Whig historian to put upon record almost anything he pleases, because not a man of us has the heart to condemn a narrative so fascinating; and we receive the wildest caprices of an amateur as serious criticism on art, simply because nature has gifted the said amateur with the most wonderful graces of language; yet we are not so unreasoning in our admirations as we seem. When a man has really something to tell us, we are content that he should tell it in his own way. It is a large testimonial to the good sense of the age, which, after all, cannot be so superficial as people call it. Dr. Livingstone has a report to make, of travels and an enterprise, quite wonderful, and, we presume, almost unparalleled. He says, with evident truth, that he would rather undertake his journey over again than write his account of it; and, accordingly, no one attempts to judge him on a ground he does not attempt to take. He is not a literary man, nor a dilettanti. He holds the pen in a toil-hardened hand, which has been more familiar with axe and gun than with the dainty implements of civilized life. What he has to tell us of is an unknown and undeveloped continent, the fourth quarter of the world; a country hitherto shut up and barred by unhealthy coasts and untracked deserts; a great savage, impenetrable waste, where the great old lords of the forest still exist and reign; where the least religious race of the world live their naked life of exposure and privation; and upon the coast of which our own Empire, the biggest policeman in the universe, keeps an expensive and half-successful watch, lest the poor black souls, for whom we can do nothing better, should be stolen and sold away. Dr. Livingstone, however, means to do something better for them. He has been high up into the home of the race where there is neither policeman nor slave trade, but villagefuls and tribes of trainable human creatures like ourselves. He has seen the natural highways which track that silent and unappropriated territory. The soil has disclosed to him its voiceless secrets in leaf of tree and form of weed, which tell tales of unmade fortune to the educated eye. He has found out how men can live and travel in the deserts, and how commerce may enter and flourish. He comes home laden with hopes, prospects and promises—the noble idea that he is adding power and wealth to his own country, while he carries salvation to another; and it is all this, the promises, the prospects, the hopes—a capacity which seems to him unlimited, yet a want which is touching and excessive—which make up the importance of Dr. Livingstone's book. All this he knows—all this he has come to tell, anxiously and earnestly—and to this with one accord, and without any depreciatory criticisms, the public has been heartily content to incline its serious ear.

While we write, he is just about returning out of a serious course of lion or hero worship, which, it is to be hoped, has done no worse for him than to bore and weary his spirit. Dr. Livingstone's fame and popularity have spread much beyond the limits of any peculiar circle; but for real hearty, sincere hero-worship, fooling to the very top of one's bent, there is certainly no community in existence half so successful as "the religious public." The lion of the coteries is nothing to the lion of the churches, and we trust that the African apostle has not found the ordeal too hard for him. He goes out with all the encouragements and aids which science can bestow upon him, with an unparalleled amount of public sympathy, and with even the recognition and authority of Government to give dignity to his further labours; and it now remains to be seen what capabilities remain in the office which he has already raised in honourable reputation, and from which he has taught us to expect in the future still greater results.

It is not necessary, after everybody has heard from this traveller's own lips so much as it was needful to tell of his own history, to give any sketch of that here. He was one of those Scotch students who never could by any chance be fellows of Christ Church or Trinity—one of those grave labourers towards a special end, who strike through Latin and Greek, perhaps without any remarkable devotion to those exclusive and jealous channels of learning, mastering so much as must be mastered amid the cark of daily labours—a man who did not pursue his education through the hard struggle of its acquirement merely for education's sake, with the disinterested zeal of an Oxford scholar, but who worked hardly through his necessary *curriculum* as a means, and not as an end. Reading amid the clatter of machinery in a Glasgow mill taught the future explorer how to read and write amid the clatter of surrounding savages; and the hardness of a poor man's early life trained him for the privations of his mission. He went out of the heart of the Scottish peasant-world, while most Cottar fathers still justified the picture of the Saturday Night; he worked his way through medical training and theological lectures, indebted to no one; and, finally, by dint of disappointment in his first idea of going to China, fell into the office and vocation appointed for him, and for which he has shown himself so fit. He went to Africa eighteen years ago, to join the missionary party which has already made itself celebrated by the narrative and labours of Moffat, married there the daughter of his predecessor, and lived the usual life of a missionary—at the parent station in the first place, and afterwards at one founded by himself, which a long drought and a raid of Boers at last compelled him to abandon—for nearly ten years. Then the *afflatus* of the explorer came upon this prophet in the desert. He began to discover, and the impulse grew upon him—but it is only after a long course of quiet life and unrecorded exertions among those savages—exertions which seem to have spread his influence widely among them, but which it is not easy to trace in his story, where all the ordinary details of missionary experience are omitted, and which is, probably in consequence, somewhat confused and hurried as a narrative, and not to be followed easily—that the characteristic feature of his personal vocation begins to be developed. This, which is the great distinction of Dr. Livingstone's work and book, is a long, toilsome, solitary, and, most remarkable of all, *successful* journey, from one end to another of the scorching continent, of which this event has made him a kind of moral superior and suzerain.

The occasion of this remarkable undertaking is perhaps as singular as the enterprise itself. The missionary, obliged to abandon the first scene of his independent labours at Kolobeng, where a tyrannical and barbarous colony of African Dutchmen opposed and insulted both himself and his pupils, set out up country towards the lands of a remarkable chief, whose territory he intended to make his future centre of operations. He carried all his patriarchal and primitive wealth, his wife and his children, with him into the new region—meaning to settle there: but that was not his appointed service, as it appeared. The great chief died almost at the moment of the stranger's arrival; the locality was still unhealthful—exposed to fever and malaria; and, most momentous of all, signs of an incipient slave trade appeared to the jealous eyes of the missionary. The Makololo gentlemen were splendid in garments of red and green baize, and dressing-gowns of printed calico; and the manner in which they had attained these grandeurs was by a beginning of slave barter fatal to the hopes of their new teacher. The Mambari, a tribe of native traders, had brought these tempting vanities for the first time among the nobler savages for whom Dr. Livingstone was chiefly concerned. Sebituane, the chief already mentioned, was a conquerer and warrior, the chief of a superior and triumphant race. He had already subdued under his own sway a population of primitive helots, of whom his Makololo were the patrician and governing class. This primitive prince and legislator could not resist the temptation of acquiring guns even by the sacrifice of servants. He consented to sell the children of his tributaries for those precious firearms, and his subjects followed his example, though not without excuses and compunctions. But the evil had begun, though slightly, and the missionary found himself called upon to act with energy and promptitude. He explains thus, in his own words, his first reason for his journey:

"In talking with my companion over these matters, the idea was suggested that if the slave market was supplied with articles of European manufacture by legitimate commerce, the trade in slaves would become impossible. It seemed more feasible to give the goods, for which the people now part with their servants, in exchange for ivory and other products of the country, and thus prevent the trade at the beginning, than try to put a stop to it at any of the subsequent steps. This could only be effected by establishing a highway from the coast to the centre of the country.

"As there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng, I at once resolved to save my family from exposure to this unhealthy region by sending them to England, and to return alone, with a view to exploring the country in search of a healthy district that might prove a centre of civilization, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or the west coast."

Thus, while the British Empire stood with its pistols and cruisers on the coast, a grand sentry and watchman, to interrupt the guilty convoys on their exit, the stout Scotsman in the interior set himself to dam up the fountain-head of this stream of bitterness. Geographical science and natural history may and do benefit largely by the missionary's discoveries; but this enterprise was not undertaken for the benefit of either. Let the interests of humanity for once triumph over the inquisitions of knowledge. Dr. Livingstone's sextant and thermometer were very secondary adjuncts of his mission. He kept his eyes about wherever he went, and put everything down—savage life in all its primitive wildness, compelled a savage particularity of observation; but any one who supposes this enterprise a geographical or scientific one fails entirely in appreciating its true motive. The traveller notes latitudes and longitudes, trees and grasses, wild beasts and insects; he has interest enough in all of them to give a natural enlivenment and occupation to his journey, but his heart is with the humane object he has in hand. Through swamps and tropical forests, through hostile villages and unfriendly savages, he stumbles on upon his "ill-willy" ox, with one distinct endeavour in his mind, which is, neither to do a feat of travel nor to make himself a hero of the Geographical Society, but to find or form a practicable highway for the native productions of his Makololo—to make a clear and legitimate way for them, and for all inland Africa, to the markets and merchandise of the world—and to free them, as he hopes, at once and forever from the trade in slaves.

Such was the real object of Dr. Livingstone's journey. It is, beyond everything else, a transient and bold blow at the slave-trade in its very cradle and origin; and, through the slave-trade, at slavery in all its developments. It is the only modern unbelligerent attempt, of which we are aware, to cure and conquer this sad disease of humanity. It may fail, as everything else may which is in the hands of mortal agents. The traveller, it is probable, may not be entirely correct in all his speculations. The rude physical force of nature, in the primitive form of the snout of a hippopotamus, may stave the delicate steam-launch in which science, trade and charity mean to explore the Zambesi. An inopportune cascade at an undiscovered point may put out all the calculations of the voyage, or a sudden fever may strike the party into helplessness. Still, notwithstanding, here remains the idea, which is indestructible, and partially worked out. Congress itself, in its stormiest midnight discussion, would not dare to present its revolver to the breast of Livingstone. He is not an Abolitionist, nor a Free-Soiler; he is not even one of those earnest and eager philanthropists, on whose labour of love experience and time have begun to throw clouds, which it is to be hoped further time and expanded experience will lighten—the slave-emancipators of our West Indian possessions. There is no war in his thoughts, nor in his enterprise. But if his promises are to be depended on—and they seem to carry reason with them, as well as strong confirmatory evidence—and his conclusions are trustworthy, a matter which we can more easily judge for ourselves—there is in the hope and project of Dr. Livingstone a work which will nullify defeat, and make useless the whole system of slavery. This is a great thing to say—and so long as the plan remains almost wholly a theoretical and untried one, it may look like a brag and piece of boasting. How Dr. Livingstone's savages may answer to the motives and necessities of civilization—whether there is industry and courage in them sufficient to make free labour practicable and satisfactory—how far Sekeletu in the desert is superior to Quashee in the islands—are all questions unresolved and doubtful. These, however, do not alter the great conception which has impelled the missionary to his unparaleled toils. He may be wrong or mistaken; but if he is not, he seems to have got a real hold upon the end of the clue which may lead us through all the intricate mazes which environ it, to the very innermost fortress and citadel of slavery, there to build in and wall up the decrepid giant, where he can oppress a race no more.

Impelled by his two great ideas—to make a road to the coast, and to find out a healthy and practicable site for a central settlement and metropolis of civilization—Dr. Livingstone, with a train of native assistants and attendants, all of whom seem to have had soul enough to understand so far his immediate object, and who were perfectly alive to the importance of a good price and open market for their ivory, set out from the primitive capital of his Makololo chief, towards the Portuguese settlement of Loando on the west coast. This journey was only so far successful that it was accomplished in safety, though at the cost of many privations and a great deal of suffering. The party, which was a large one, made their way, after leaving the upper part of the great river which carried them on so far in comparative comfort from village to village, across an unknown country. The account is interesting and full of incident; it is not, however, particularly promising in respect to the early effect produced upon these savage races by their first contact with Europeans. As soon as the travellers emerge from the unexplored country, where neither chief nor people have ever seen a white man, the natives whom they encounter become avaricious, grasping, and untrustworthy—the primitive usage of hospitality ceases; and even for the poor provisions with which they are scantily supplied, the demand of "a man, a gun, or an ox," is made incessantly. This is, however, "the slave-path," which accounts for everything—the slave-traders who traverse it being compelled, by the nature of their traffic and of the country, wild as it is, and offering every facility for the escape of their victims, to yield to perpetual exactions from the inhabitants. In spite of all this, however, and through the greatest sufferings and dangers, Dr. Livingstone and his party at last reached the Portuguese settlement, where the heart of the missionary was rejoiced by the sight and kindness of an Englishman, and where the Makololo made themselves acquainted with the marvels of civilization. They went back with guns, clothing, and presents, full of complacency and importance, feeling themselves "the true ancients, who had reacted to the end of the world." But their leader conducted them home with a mind still dissatisfied and inquiring; it was clear that his "highway" of civilization could not be made to Loando. Those steaming swamps and tropical forests, bound into impenetrability by immense creepers, which could only be cut through by a hatchet, were totally impracticable. He had neither found the healthy region nor the road to the coast.

Accordingly, after a toilsome and fever-obstructed return, the indefatigable traveller set out again upon a second journey from the same point, Linyanti, the town of Sekelutu, with another escort of natives, and bound to the other side of the continent, hoping to trace the course of the Zambesi, and quite undaunted by the non-success of his first endeavour. This last journey is the climax and conclusion of the work, so far as it has yet advanced. All the discoveries of immediate importance, so far as the missionary's large schemes of benevolent statesmanship went, were made during its course; and Dr. Livingstone had the satisfaction of finding himself right and justified in both his great hopes for Africa. He found, and skirted for a long distance, the river which had inspired him with the thought of redemption for this helpless continent; and he found also upon its banks a region where he himself brightened into the exhilaration of restored health, where all the deleterious influences of climate were modified, and where, he feels convinced, European settlements could flourish, and might be established without fear. Having made sure of both these inestimable facts to his own satisfaction, he went on with a light heart to the coast, leaving his convoy, until his return, to live and work among the Portuguese at Tete; and from Kilimane, on the East African coast, close to the delta of the Zambesi, at which point he will once again take up the thread of his labours, the adventurer returned into a world which had learned to know him, while he had very near forgotten it.

These, then, are the substantial results which he presents in justification of his own hopes, and of the endeavours to which he would anxiously persuade his countrymen. While he travelled and pondered through the African swamps and thickets, he did not know that the insatiate maw of the British giant watered for more cotton, and that political economy and private enterprise were looking out anxiously for new soil fit to produce the precious material which at present gives an undesirable monopoly to the American slaveholders; but he did convince himself that his Africa was not only a cotton-consuming but a cotton-producing soil, able to repay largely the efforts of any enterprising labourers who gave its capabilities a fair trial. The acknowledged deficiency put new heart into the wearied traveller. He had seen beforehand how valuable would be the check of this new and productive field upon the old slave-ground; but as the necessity increases, the advantage grows with it. Then there is indigo growing wild, a precious weed, over the unregarded soil—plantations of sugar-cane so extensive that our traveller says of one, "4000 men eating it during two days did not finish the whole"—coffee possible in most places, and in some actually accomplished, not to speak of physics without end, wholesome senna, beloved of nurseries, and precious quinine. All this Dr. Livingstone offers us, with healthy quarters, lovely scenery, abundant food, neighbours neither ferocious nor intractable by nature, and deeply impressed with the importance of our national character, on the banks of his noble Zambesi, only a few days from the sea. The offer is certainly very tempting. There is sufficient draught of water everywhere for a Thames steamer, and seams of coal in convenient proximity to supply these handy little demons with their indispensable food; and there is air which English lungs can safely breathe, and a sun not too scorching for English constitutions to bear. If Dr. Livingstone is right, a European colonist might reach his healthful African home, even through the dangerous fringe of that unwholesome coast, with little greater danger than any man encounters who has to pass through a marshy or malarious district on his way home; while the natural gifts of this territory, at present of little use even to its scanty and barbarous inhabitants, seem almost inexhaustible. Add to all this the certainty that our trade and our merchants cannot go thither without carrying inevitable advantages with them—that the first cotton-plantation in Africa tended by freemen will be the first real and effectual stroke at the "institution" of slavery—more effectual and real than any sudden scheme of local emancipation; and there can be little doubt that Dr. Livingstone's scheme calls for the most serious attention from his own country and the civilized world.

And it does not seem easy to perceive on the surface any particular resemblance of character between the native tribes of the African desert and the "typical negro" of the civilized imagination. Dr. Livingstone's clients are unquestionable savages; but they are not the gay, merry, thoughtless, inconsequent Sambos, music and laughter-loving, of the American plantations, nor the indolent and insolent drones of the West Indian Islands. Perhaps the race is a different race before it comes through that alembic of slavery, which transmutes its better metal, and leaves a stain even upon the dross which it needs generations to wear away. If British enterprise prepared the field only to fill it with a new and abundant crop of this wholly impracticable animal, all the charms with which Dr. Livingstone has endowed his newly-explored dominions would be insufficient to justify the experiment. But the negro of civilization—the actual or the emancipated slave—seems, so far as we are able to judge from the sketches of Dr. Livingstone, a perfectly inadequate representative of the native African. The Makololo who accompanied the missionary to Loando not only persevered with very tolerable courage through that painful journey, but on their arrival there set themselves to work, as soon as they found out how they could do it, with a most praiseworthy and honourable alacrity. They became woodcutters, and drove a flourishing trade, maintaining themselves by their own exertions. On his second and more successful expedition the result was the same, though, as that must be reckoned only half completed, our information is less full. Their conduct in regard to their leader seems to have been perfectly honest, faithful and exemplary, and even the strangers among whom he fell on his road behaved, on the whole, with great discretion and very tolerable kindness. There seems, indeed, no ground to suppose that these reasonable savages, whose wits are sharpened by a constant struggle against all the rude necessities of nature, could be transmogrified by a good fortune, which came in the shape of active employment and stimulated industry, into such an unreflective and frivolous being as the contented slave or the idle freedman of Jamaica. On this, however, must depend, in a very great measure, the success of the experiment, which seems otherwise so promising.

But it is necessary to remember that the first motive of the missionary is not the spread of trade, the increase of valuable produce, or the extension of the markets of the world. His primary object is the benefit of these same voiceless savages, for whom no one else takes much regard. It was to secure their ignorance against the devices of the slave-trader, to expand their intelligence, and to influence their hearts, that Livingstone set out upon his long journey. It was the earnestness of his solicitude for *them* that kept him undiscouraged in the failure of his first enterprise; it was the same untiring regard which prompted him to set out once more on a second expedition; and it is that which now carries him back, with all his hopes of an opened country and a beginning trade, to resume his labours among them. It is clear, therefore, that *he* has no particular dread of making a Quashee of his Makololo, and that the idea of improving, civilizing and elevating this race is no Utopian thought to the individual who knows them best. Religion has never before made so great a testimony to honourable English commerce, and its beneficial results, as by thus calling in its aid, as the strongest auxiliary of its own efforts; and never has made a stronger protest against the iniquitous trade of the man-stealer than by these extraordinary individual efforts to supplant and defeat him. By so much as Dr. Livingstone's enterprise is not a purely missionary one, it is a directly anti slavery expedition—an aim at the heart of that peculiar institution. He may be wrong—he is probably not so much wiser than all his fellow-creatures as to be infallibly correct in all his conclusions. It may be much harder than Dr. Livingtone supposes to gain possession of this continent, or to turn its riches to account; but if there is only so much truth in his discoveries as it is reasonable to expect from the candid researches of an honest and good man, the issues are scarcely to be limited.

*See a notice of this work under the editorial head.—*Ed. Standard.*

THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.

LETTER FROM MAZZINI TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.

Sir: The work of persecution in France is going on silently, but unceasingly. Doomed prisoners are continuing to reach Marseilles every night from all the *departements*. They are conveyed, like the *répris de justice*, in cellular vans. The arrests were all predetermined. They took place simultaneously in all localities a few days before the promulgation of the Law of Public Safety, from old and recent lists of names, merely marked with the word "republican." They are very numerous. The Governor of Algeria writes, urging for other places of confinement being chosen. Algiers alone has already 700 prisoners. It is, in the midst of at least apparent tranquillity, a second and enlarged edition of the *coup d'état*.

The ferocity in the execution of the orders is rivalling the Syllan despotism of the measure. Allow me to quote a few instances.

M. Lebrun, a notary at Charot, arrondissement of Bourges, department of the Cher, was arrested at the end of his dinner. Struck by the suddenness of the measure, he was taken ill. He was refused all help, and was brutally dragged into the van. On the way, at St. Florent, he implored for a medical man, and was equally refused. On reaching the Maison d'Arêt, at Bourges, his state was such that the jailor declined to receive him. He was taken to the hospital, where, soon after, he died.

Jean Bartheix, innkeeper, at Mazannet, department of the Tarn, seventy years old, had been transported to Cayenne, in 1852, from whence, three years after, he was removed to Algiers. He remained there until February, 1858. Being then seized with a severe complaint (swelling of the liver), he obtained a ticket of leave for six months, and hastened home. Eight days after he was arrested, manacled, dragged from prison to prison to Marseilles, where he is now in a dying state and without any medical help.

Federico Castaldi, an Italian exile, residing at Marseilles, and there earning his bread by trading, was ordered, on the 16th of November last, to Poitiers. He submitted; but, all his prospects and hopes resting on his sojourning at Marseilles, he urged some friends to act for him in Paris. His conduct having been always peaceful and absolutely inoffensive, he was listened to; and the Chef de Surete Publique promised to M. Salles, chief librarian at the Ministry of the Interior, that his request would be granted, should some respectable person come forward as security for him. M. Taxile Delort volunteered, and was accepted. On M. Salles communicating the information to M. Besson, Prefect at Marseilles, Castaldi went back and took up his abode at l'Estagne, a villa near the town. On the 29th of January he was, however, arrested, thrown in prison: then, without a single interrogatory, sent, on the 2d of April, to Lambessa.

I am, &c., Joseph Mazzini.

April 8.

COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

I live in a country neighbourhood; and my country neighbours, I freely acknowledge, are not all shining lights—"mortal men, mortal men." Still, as I said, I like society; and as the Englishman's social mood is his dinner hour, I like going out to dinner. I call it a bore, of course, in accordance with conventional usage; I profess myself